



No. 307.—VOL. XXIV.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1898.

SIXPENCE.
By Post, 6½d.

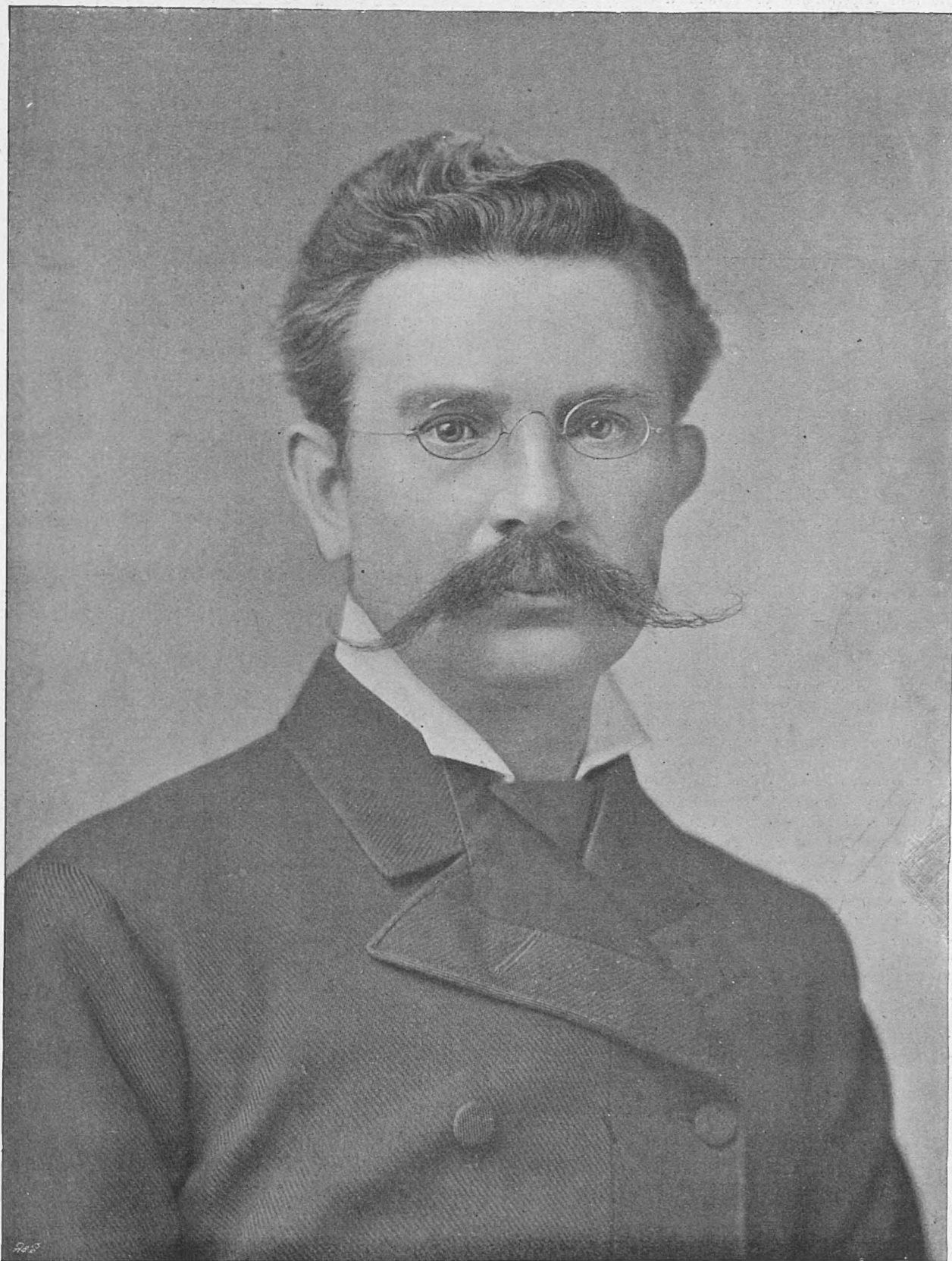


Photo by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.

THE AUTHOR OF "A PRINCESS OF THULE" IS DEAD.

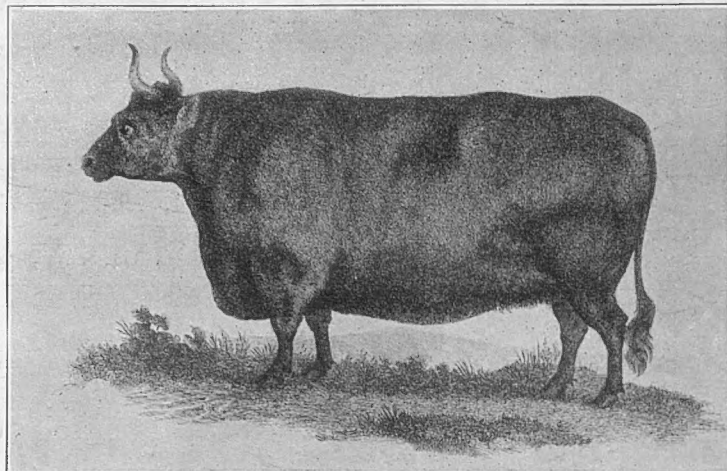
Novel-readers in every part of the world have experienced a shock by the unexpected death of William Black, for he was in the prime of life and always enjoyed the sturdy health which characterised his books. Born in Glasgow in 1841, he reached the writing of romance through the avenues of pictorial art and journalism. In 1867 he published his first and now forgotten novel, "Love or Marriage." Since then not a single year has passed without a story from him. He gave us "Macleod of Dare," "A Daughter of Heth," "Madcap Violet," "A Princess of Thule," and some thirty other romances, most of them centring in Scottish glens and instinct with the breath of the heather. He was a charming writer with a charming personality.

A HUNDRED YEARS OF FAT CATTLE.

Every Christmas is heralded by the Smithfield Club's famous Show of cattle at Islington. The hoardings groan under it, the buses are plastered with opulent steers, and the music-halls are crowded in the evenings with healthy-looking, red-faced men who have the mark of the country stamped all over them, from their hats to their gaiters. But this is quite an exceptional year, for it is the Centenary of the Club.

Although a few agricultural societies are older, none have the same national scope as the Smithfield. The idea of the Club occurred to Mr. J. Wilkes, of Measham, Derbyshire, when noting the crowds that flocked to see the extraordinarily fat cattle sent by the Duke of Bedford to Mr. Giblett, a leading butcher in those days, at the Smithfield Christmas market. A meeting, attended by the Duke of Bedford, who occupied the chair, the Earl of Winchelsea, Lord Somerville, Sir Richard Astley, John Ellman, John Westcar, and Arthur Young, the famous agricultural author, as well as other agriculturists, was held in Mr. Giblett's drawing-room on Dec. 17, 1798, and the "Smithfield Cattle and Sheep Society," re-named four years later the "Smithfield Club," was founded. At this meeting it was agreed that prizes should be offered in 1799 for the best beast and best sheep fed on grass, hay, turnips, or cabbages, and the best of each description of animal fed on corn or cake. The first Show was held in Woolton's Livery Stables, Dolphin Yard, Smithfield, in December 1799, when some fifty head of live-stock were to be seen in five classes, three for cattle, and two for sheep. The contrast between the first and the hundredth Show is most marked, for at the Show held last week at Islington there were entries in forty classes for cattle, twenty-nine for sheep, and eighteen for pigs, as well as "carcase" classes; the prizes amounted to £4966 in value; and the club has 1120 members. A hundred years

Although the Birmingham verdict did not hold good in every case, it was accepted in the case of the Earl of Strathmore's champion beast, the Aberdeen-Angus heifer Ju-Ju of Glamis, which appeared in these pages last week. The heifer is a "grand" (that is the cattle reporter's

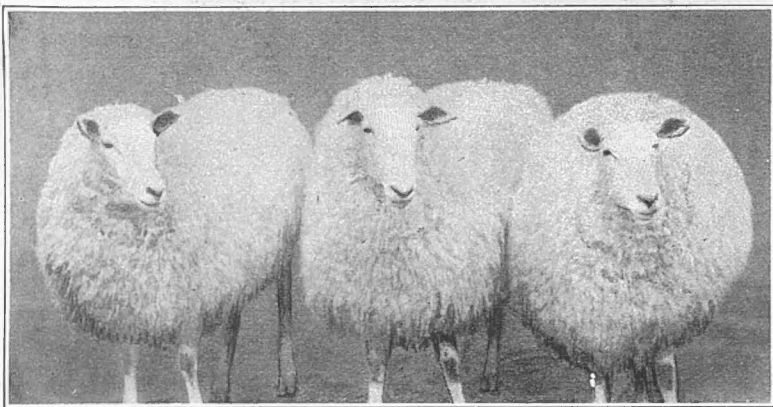


A HIGHLANDER OF 1813, BRED BY SIR HENRY VANE-TEMPEST, OF LAMPTON HALL.

Reproduced from an Old Print belonging to Mr. John Thornton

favourite epithet) specimen, with a level back and a typical head, fine shoulders, and splendid hind-quarters, with good ribs and a "nice" underline. She is seven weeks under three years of age, measures 8 ft. 3 in. in girth, and weighs 15 cwt. 2 qr. 21 lb. As the best-bred beast at the Centenary Smithfield Show, she was awarded, apart from the class-prizes, the Queen's Challenge Cup, value £150, the exhibitor being also the breeder; the Champion Plate of one hundred guineas given by the Royal Agricultural Hall Company, with the Centenary Gold Medal, and the £50 silver cup for the best heifer in the classes.

Let me confess that I love Cattle Show week. I have no personal interest in the overfed, sleepy monsters that are prodded from morn till dewy eve by their critics and admirers. I cannot pretend that the odour of Islington at this particular time of the year is as refreshing or pleasant as it might be. None the less, I rejoice in the week, and all for the sake of the visitors who follow their live-stock to London. It does my heart good to see the fine, sturdy fellows who so strikingly resemble their own prize cattle in their sleek, well-fed aspect; they remind me that a large section of the race has few worries and no nerves. The Londoner, jaded, worried, exercising his brain at all times of the day, and getting fresh air only at long intervals, and as a luxury to be worked hard for, may fairly envy the farmer and cattle-breeder. We hear complaints all the year round—I never knew a farmer who did not complain that times were bad and he was very nearly ruined—but we all know that it is an Englishman's privilege to grumble, and so we do not take the complaints about agricultural depression very seriously. The countryman up for Cattle Show week means to enjoy himself, and at night does his best to infuse some life and gaiety into the dull, smoky, muddy, rain-beaten



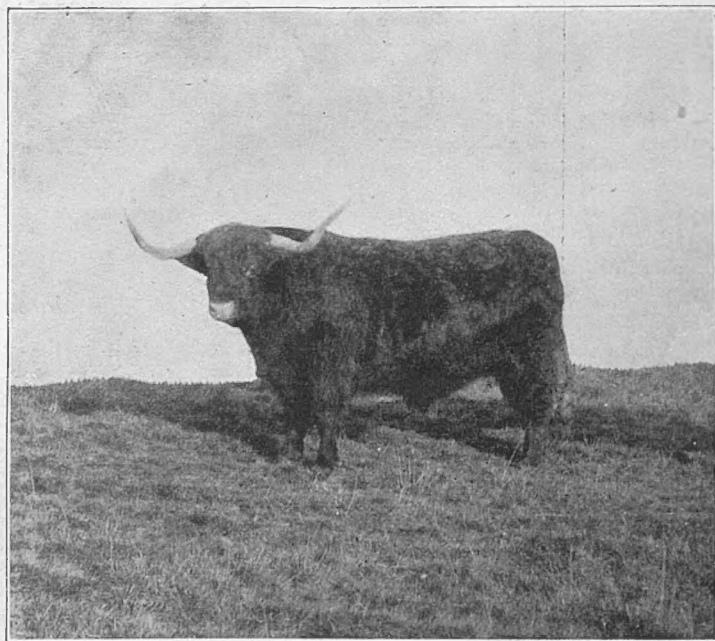
CHAMPION HALF-BRED SHEEP, THE PROPERTY OF MR. JOHN McDOWALL.

Photo by Brown, Lanark.

ago there were 113 members, three classes for cattle and two for sheep, and prizes to the value of fifty guineas!

In 1799 many bullocks fetched £75, and at the first Show one was so fat and unwieldy that he was obliged to be killed on Blackfriars Bridge on his road to Croydon. Several others were killed in the streets, being unable to walk to their destination. At the present year's Show at Islington, after careful attention to breeding, cautious feeding, &c., you find no great over-yeared beasts almost too heavy to stand on their feet, disfigured by great patches of waste fat on their rumps and ribs, but fine, well-developed animals, whose points at once proclaim the advance that has been made in the economic production of meat in the intervening hundred years. The same may be said of sheep, although the fleecy covering of those animals renders the change less apparent. The largest sheep were of the Gloucesters. and they are considered to have been the first sheep that ever stood on Smithfield stones. Among the winners in 1799 we find the names of Mr. John Westcar, of Creslow, the Duke of Bedford, and a Mr. Edmonds. The prize ox, which sold for a hundred guineas, and put, altogether, two hundred guineas into its owner's pocket, was a Hereford, purchased by Mr. Westcar at the October Hereford Fair in 1799. It measured 8 ft. 11 in. long, 6 ft. 7 in. high, and 10 ft. 4 in. in girth, and weighed nearly 300 st. of 8 lb. The newspapers of Dec. 22, 1799, state that "the markets in Smithfield during the week have been uncommonly well supplied with Christmas beef of prime quality; some of it sold on Thursday as high as 7s. 6d. per stone of 8 lb., sinking the offal." The Show of 1799 remained open three days, and the first dinner of the subscribers took place at the Crown and Anchor Tavern on the Friday previous to the Christmas market, when the Duke of Bedford took the chair.

Looking over the records of the hundred Shows, you find that they were small for fully forty years, six of the Shows being held in the Dolphin Yard, one in Dixon's Repository, Barbican, and thirty-three in Sadler's Yard, Goswell Street. After the Show made its home in the Royal Agricultural Hall, Islington, its progress, as regards growth, was very rapid. The Club has always encouraged early maturity, although it was not until recent years that over-aged animals were excluded from the Show. The Centenary Show not only received the personal presence of the Prince of Wales, but had the support of the Queen in regard to the prize list and in the contribution of selected beasts from the royal farms. Her Majesty had eight entries in all.



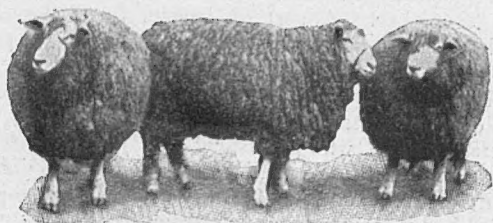
WEST-HIGHLAND-STEER.

Photo by Morgan, Aberdeen.

town. He can face all weathers, and does; the rain does him no harm; he remains dry inside though the heavens fall. He is ever joyous, ever rubicund of visage, always smiling. And on this account I raise my hat to him, risking the chill that may follow upon the salute.

SHEEP AND PIGS AT THE SMITHFIELD CATTLE SHOW.

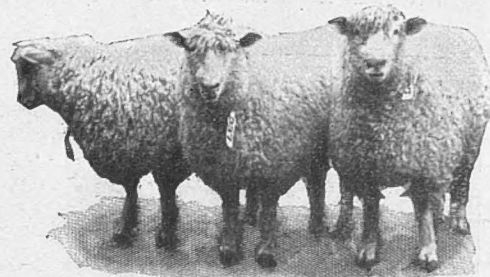
From Photographs by Bowden, East Dulwich.



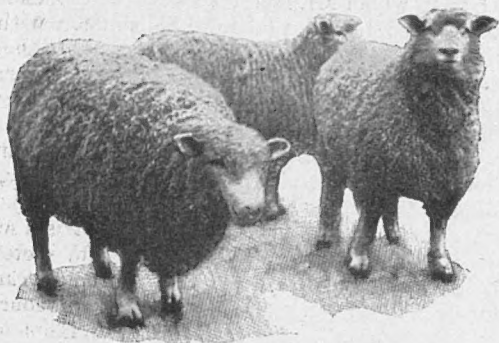
Mr. Dudding's Lincolns, Reserve for Champion Plate.



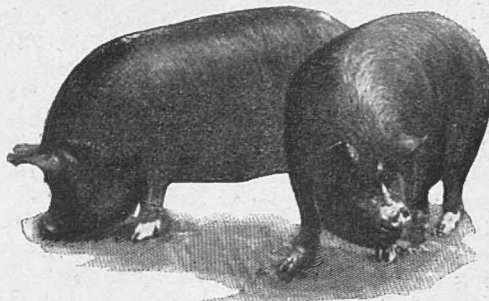
Mr. P. C. Mills' Shropshires won the Prince of Wales's Challenge Cup.



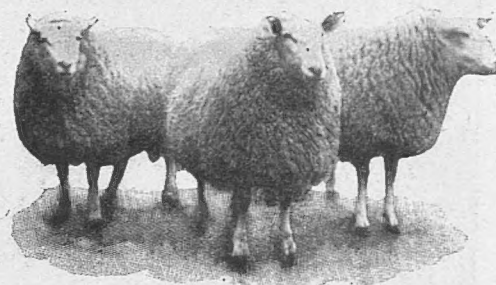
Mr. W. Thomas's Cotswolds, the best long-wooled sheep in the Show.



Mr. J. Redaway's Devons, the best in the Show.



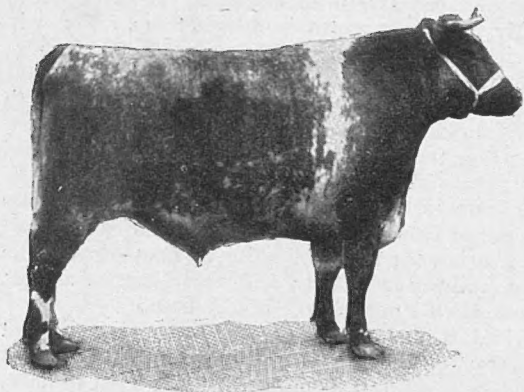
Mr. J. A. Fricker's Berkshires, the best in the Show.



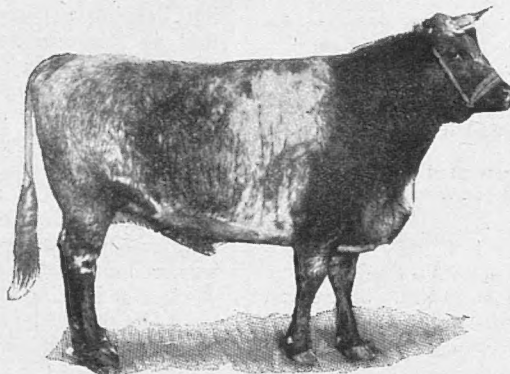
Mr. A. Guild's Cheviots, the best in the Show.

CATTLE AT THE DUBLIN SHOW.

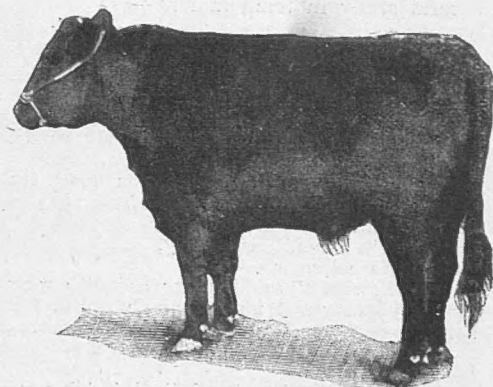
From Photographs by Chancellor, Dublin.



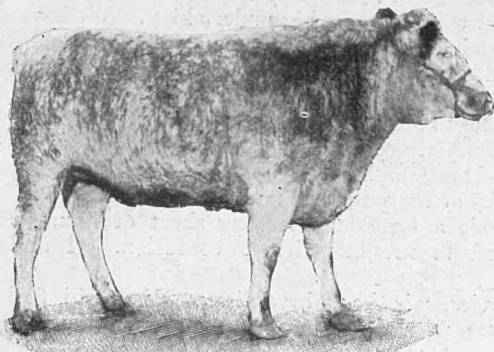
Mr. Allan B. Pollok's Shorthorn Ox, First Prize (Class 1) Horned or Artificially Polled Ox.



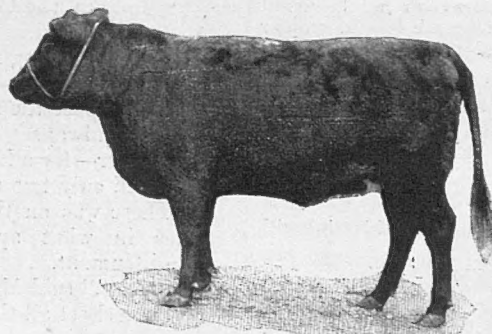
Mr. J. F. Ternan's Crossbred Shorthorn Ox, First Prize (Oat-Fed) and Cup Presented by the *Farmer's Gazette*.



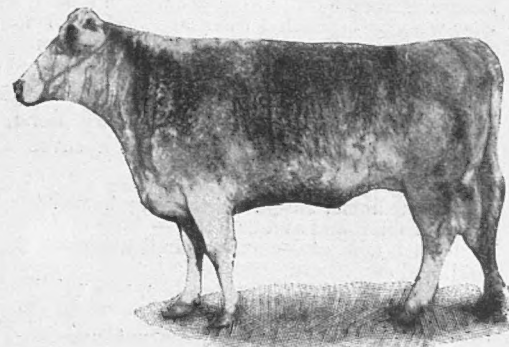
Mr. J. Lowry's Ox, First Prize (Class 26) Natural Polled Ox.



Mr. W. N. Waller's Crossbred Hereford Roan Ox, First Prize (Class 23) Horned or Artificially Polled Ox.



Miss Staple's Bridal Vanity, Crossbred Shorthorn and Angus Cow, 1st Prize (Class 12) Natural Polled Heifer, winner of Cup and Gold Medal.



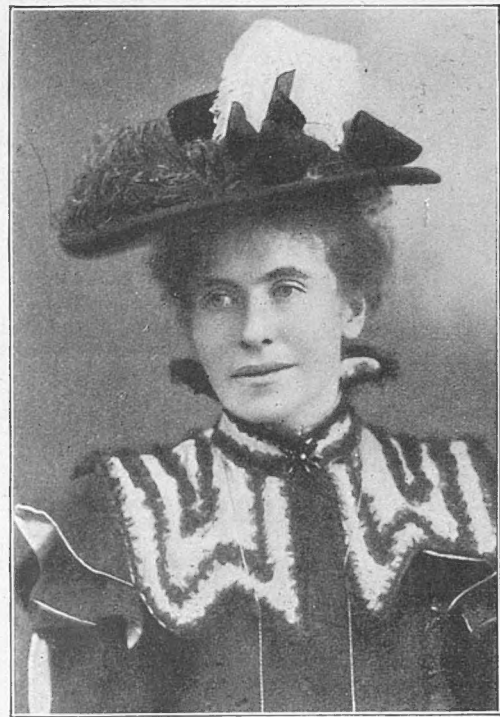
Mr. W. N. Waller's Crossbred Hereford Roan Heifer, First Prize (Class 25) Horned or Artificially Polled Heifer.

MRS. RHYS'S NEW NOVEL, "MARY DOMINIC."

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Rhys are a well-known couple in English literary life. Mr. Rhys is a Welshman; his wife is an Irishwoman. Both are zealous exponents of the Celtic spirit, both love the imaginative element in life. Mr. Rhys has written many books and has edited many more.

It was his enterprise that assisted in that startling development of cheap and good literature that Mr. Walter Scott, of Tyne-side fame, gave us some years back. The "Camelot Classics" edited by Ernest Rhys were a familiar element in the early literary training of many of us. Since then Mr. Rhys has written on Walt Whitman, Her- rick, Dekker, and many other classical authors, has published a novel, "The Fiddler of Carne," and edited for two years that delightful publication, the *Hampstead Annual*. His wife has edited the "Banbury Cross Series," and now we owe to her this charming story, "Mary Dominic," published by Messrs. Dent.

The plot of *Mary Dominic* is not entirely



MRS. ERNEST RHYS.

Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.

new. The "young master" who seduces the beautiful daughter of his father's bailiff is a familiar figure in fiction. So too is the rustic lover who seeks to frustrate this wicked purpose. When we find the faithful fellow coming forward to save the betrayed maiden from suicide, we are ready to go bail that he will love her to the end with dog-like but unrewarded devotion.

But though the story is not new, it is told with so much sweetness, sympathy, and tenderness that one is grateful to Mrs. Rhys for giving it a new setting. Mary herself—a Celt to the very soul of her—is a careful study in temperament—

"Tisn't very happy I am at Knockmore," she tells her lover. "I have the feelin' as if there was a bird in me throat, that wanted to be out and abroad."

"A bird in your throat there surely is, with your soft singing 'ohs' and 'ahs.' But, tell me, where does your heart long to fly away to?"

"Oh, sir, sure I've never in my life seen a wave of the sea! I often lie awake at night, tellin' meself that the wind in the thatch is the roarin' of the water."

"The world's a queer place, you know, for young women like you to go sailing about in. Are you never afraid when you think of the big world and all the cruel things that are done in it every day?"

"Deed'n I am," said Mary, and her glowing cheek grew a shade pale; "often in me dreams—"

"Well, what?" said Latimer, as he threw away the end of his cigarette.

"'Twas only last night I had a dream that made me afeard. Sure I can hardly bear to think on it at all, for 'twas more than a dream."

"You'd better tell it then, and it won't trouble you again," said Latimer, smiling.

"I scarce know how to tell it, sir! 'Twas a tall house and a narrow, with a wide stairs that went up and up, and on this side and that were empty, bare rooms with open doors. And there was no roof, only the sky, with the stars in it. And the house was me, and the walls were of flesh. And up and down the stairs went a woman with a shining face and a shining hand. An' out of every room-door there looked little devils' faces, an' they were hideous, an' they chattered to each other. As the woman passed, with her shining hand held up, they went back and hid their faces, an' she kept the stairs clear an' beautiful right up to the sky. And oh, sir, it was my misery for fear she should stop or fall. For what would become of me if all those devils had my soul?"

The scene in the wood when Shawn interposes to prevent the girl from drowning herself is powerfully done, but not over-emphasised. Here, for instance, is a touch which saves a "stagey" situation from anything melodramatic—

"Come home, Mary! Come away home!"

She sobbed and said brokenly—

"I can't, Shawn—never again," and stood there in the water, shivering with cold, and stupid with grieving.

"Come out of the wather, then, will ye?" said Shawn.

"It's my grave I'm goin' to," answered she. Then, in a burst of childish sobbing, "But oh! I'm perishin' with cold."

Perhaps the most powerful chapter is that in which, after the birth of Mary's child, her father takes her and the infant in a cart to the house of the seducer; but even more pathetic, if less dramatic, is the description of the desertion of the child by Mary in the moment when she is half-frenzied, and her subsequent search.

To many readers the chief charm of the book will be its Irish "atmosphere." The scent of burning turf is in your nostrils as you read, the dreariness of the bog is upon you, and there is no getting away from the brooding background of melancholy low hills.

CONCERNING DIARIES.

There is a good deal of mystery about diaries. Who keeps them? We have all tried to keep them at one time or another, but, just as we break good resolutions on the 2nd of January, so we abandon our diaries on the 3rd. Some day, perhaps, when Mr. Holt Schooling has quite exhausted matrimonial statistics, he will furnish us with the decimals concerning people who keep diaries in January, February, March, and so on, to November and December. A sort of barometric curve of conscientious diarists would, I fancy, be eccentric: it would certainly be interesting.

It was to gain some information as to the habits and manners of the unknown race who keep diaries (writes a *Sketch* representative) that I called the other day on Messrs. Cassell (who publish "Letts"), Mr. Charles Letts, Messrs. De la Rue, and Mr. J. Walker, all of them names of note in this department of literature. Their testimony was reassuring. Diaries continue to be published in greater numbers from year to year.

When one approaches the matter closely, one realises that there are two main species of diarists—the public, or commercial, diarist, and the private, or pocket, diarist. The commercial diary, of which the famous "Letts" is chief, is, of course, a volume as necessary in most establishments as the ledger—which, indeed, it is doing its best to rival in size. Some of the interleaved specimens which Mr. Herbert Davies, of Cassell's, showed me were bulky enough to contain all that Lord Salisbury, with a Nile question exigent for 365 days, could desire to crowd into them. More than that, they were bound as few books outside of office literature ever are bound. You might play football with them and merely hurt yourself. The "Letts" that goes to Somerset House lasts as long as Pepys's. For this sort of volume there is bound to be a growing demand, so long as trade increases and empires expand. "Letts," by the way, is itself a sort of Imperial force. Separate editions are published for the Australian colonies, for India, and for South Africa. This last is a new venture; but, as the edition is going as far afield as Bulawayo, Victoria (Mashonaland), and Fort Salisbury, it is evident that Charterland yearns for the luxury. The difference between all these editions is, of course, merely in the prefatory "information." Local values, weights and measures, postal regulations, and so forth, are inserted according to the destination of the particular editions. India has her tides duly calculated for her, and Australia knows that, when "Letts" is in the office, her eclipses will turn up with punctuality and despatch.

The "Pocket" diary stands on a very different footing, and I have doubts whether, in the movement of the times, its footing is so perfectly secure. One of the gentlemen I saw was candid enough to say that for the last year or two the demand for pocket-diaries had shown a slight falling-off. That he attributed to the enormous number presented gratuitously every Christmas by insurance companies and other firms, either by way of compliment or of advertisement. At Mr. Walker's place in Warwick Lane I saw some charming little volumes in exquisite bindings, almost sufficient of themselves to break one of the bad habit of not keeping a diary. Mr. Walker's motto is compactness. You will find no "information" in his diaries, for information takes up space, and in the modern pocket there is no room to spare. And as, when I saw him, Mr. Walker had just despatched a parcel to Marlborough House, his theory of diary-making seems to have illustrious support. As a matter of fact, the whole tendency in the matter of pocket-diaries is in the direction of neatness. The smaller "Letts" conform to it, and, considered merely as ornaments, some of the "finger" De La Rues cannot fail to drag coins out of feminine purses. The "Charles Letts's" Diaries—not the Letts's Diaries, the firms are quite distinct—insure the owner for £500 against railway accident; and there is also a neat device for making the book always open at the proper date.

I should not be surprised if the editors of diaries occasionally got mixed in their dates. Several of them are now busy with the diaries of 1900. One of the proof-sheets Mr. Davies handed me was a list of dates for 1901! So far into the dim and distant future does his eagle eye penetrate.

"We go to press with the diaries for 1900 this month," he explained.

"Isn't that taking Time rather roughly by the forelock?"

"You see, the Colonial editions are a big undertaking. We have the Australian diaries despatched by July, the Indian and South African by the end of August, and the English diaries are on sale before the end of September."

"I suppose the sale stops abruptly at the end of the year?"

"Not always. Curiously enough, a man called only the other day—in October—for a Letts's Diary for 1898. What he wanted it for I can't say, with only two months of the year to run; but he bought it."

There was on the table a formidable-looking sheet of figures and dates in what appeared to me inextricable confusion. I desired enlightenment.

"That," said Mr. Davies, "is the embryo diary. You will find in that one sheet all the dates, with the days of the week and the month, for 1900. I am almost afraid to let that sheet out of my hands, for the slightest slip would mean that the whole edition would have to be destroyed."

"Which, I hope, has never happened in the history of 'Letts'?"

"Never since it came into the hands of Messrs. Cassell twelve years ago. But there is a mistake in the Nautical Almanack this year which nobody has pointed out."

It was only somebody or other's festival—I forget whose—a week wrong, but I mention it by way of foil to the infallibility of "Letts."

BOOKS FOR CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

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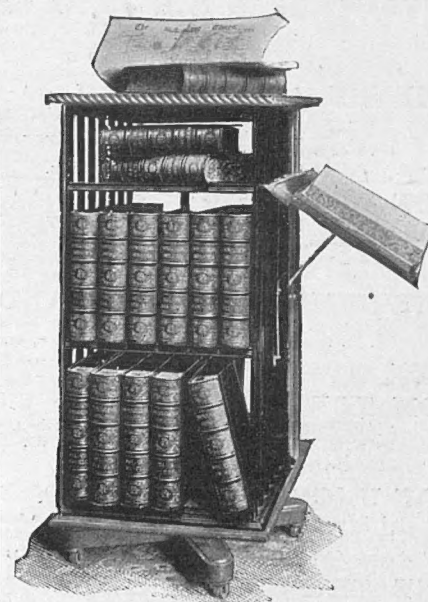
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SMALL TALK OF THE WEEK.

The news that Keats' grave in Rome is in danger is calculated to call forth very deep regret on the part of many who have loved to think that one of their favourite poets rested under the blue skies of Italy. There seems to be an impression in certain newspapers that Shelley's tomb is also in danger. This is not the case. Every visitor to Rome who loves



THE GRAVES OF KEATS AND SEVERN AT ROME.

literature makes his way out to the Protestant Cemetery where Shelley and Keats lie buried. Their burial-places, however, are at considerable distance from one another. The ashes of Shelley repose on a high bank under a wall, far removed from the traffic of this suburb of Rome. The simple slab, with its inscription "Cor Cordium," is likely to remain undisturbed for a long period of time.

The Dowager Lady Shelley once told me that she would have put a replica of the beautiful monument by Mr. Onslow Ford that is now in the University College, Oxford, on the site, but that the friends of Captain Trelawny, whose grave is next to that of Shelley, raised certain objections, and it was also thought that the ground would not bear so heavy a weight of marble. One walks straight through this cemetery and out into the roadway to reach the tomb of John Keats. That is in a quite separate plot of ground, cut off from the road by a narrow dyke. Keats is buried side by side with his friend Severn the artist. A great deal of outcry has been raised against the municipality of Rome, on account of their proposal to alter the road in this quarter, but I am very distrustful of these periodical outcries against the Roman municipality. Ever since the capture of Rome and the dethronement of the Pope from temporal power, there has always been a large party of the Pope's followers, alike in Rome and in London, who are anxious to prove that the city is going to the dogs.

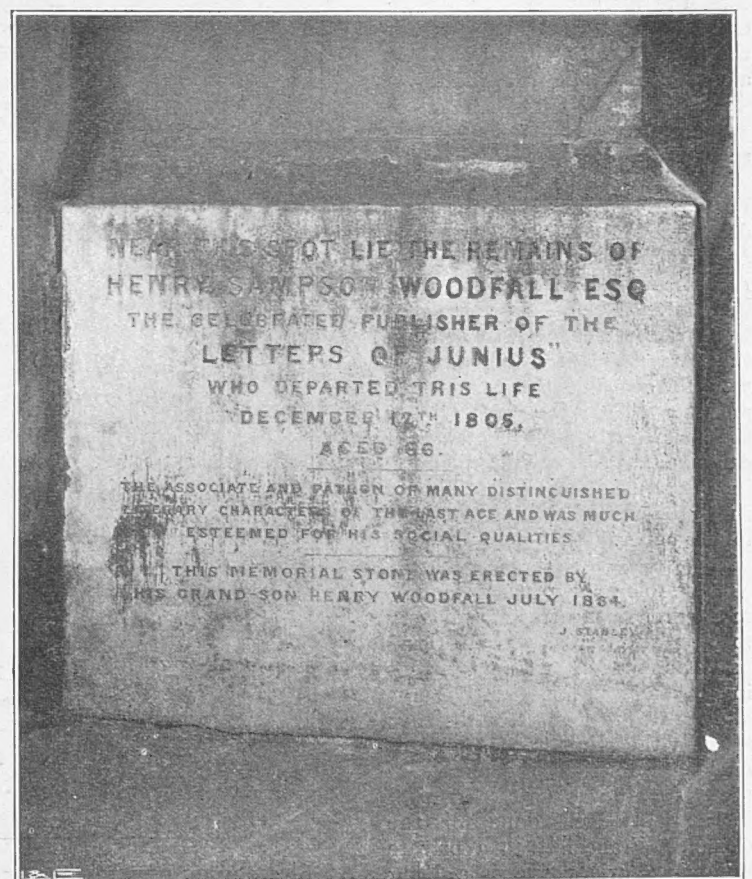
I am not particularly interested in the controversy raised by Dr. Horton, of Hampstead, as to the influence of Romanists in English journalism, but it is perfectly clear to me that attacks upon the present Government of Rome by journals which, from their general English political attitude, might be supposed to be inspired by the principles which guided Garibaldi and Mazzini, are the effect of too much zeal on the part of Roman Catholic journalists who find access to their columns. Be this as it may, the Roman municipality will probably have its own way, and, if they decide that the tomb of Keats is to be removed, the removal will take place. It has been happily suggested that the ashes of Keats should be removed to Westminster Abbey or to the churchyard at Hampstead. Whichever should ultimately be decided upon—and we may be quite certain that the Dean of Westminster will give facilities for the removal to the Abbey, if it be practicable—England will be the gainer. It will possess one further place of pilgrimage for all who love the work of a great artist in words.

When Burns's birthday comes round, six weeks hence, the enthusiasts will have re-read every page of the poet in the new edition published by Messrs. Dent in their delightful eighteenpenny "Temple Classics." The poems occupy one volume, and the songs another, and they have been edited very unostentatiously by Mr. W. A. Craigie, of St. Andrews. This is Burns in the best form I know.

A good story is told of how Lord Hopetoun, the new Lord Chamberlain's ancestor, tried to absorb the tower and estates belonging to Dundas of Manor. Old Dundas, though far from rich, had refused to sell. Lord Hopetoun invited Dundas frequently to Hopetoun House. The Laird showed evident disinclination for these festivities, but he could not refuse to receive the Earl on one occasion when he invited himself and a fashionable shooting-party to be guests at dinner at the Tower. At the appointed hour, Lord Hopetoun and fifteen friends arrived, and were ushered into the small vaulted hall of the Tower, where a long table was spread. Grace being said, two serving-men removed the covers, when lo! a goodly array of herrings and potatoes appeared spread from top to bottom of the festive board. The corks were drawn, and Dundas, pouring out a bumper of excellent whisky, invited his guests to pledge him in the same homely liquor. Addressing Lord Hopetoun, he drank to their better acquaintance, and, chuckling, remarked, "It won't do, my lord, it won't do; but whenever you or your guests will honour my poor hall with your presence at this hour, I promise you no worse fare than that now set before you, the best and fattest salt herrings the Forth can produce, the mealiest potatoes, and the strongest mountain-dew." Lord Hopetoun never dined at the Tower again.

Messrs. Mabie, Todd, and Bard have sent me an example of their Swan Fountain Pen, which is made in three sizes, and sold from ten shillings and sixpence to twenty-five shillings, and, indeed, up to eighteen guineas. I wish, however, to conciliate the would-be burglar by assuring him that mine is not an eighteen-guinea pen. In these days of long railway-journeys and of hurry and strain, I cannot imagine anything more useful as a Christmas present than one of these pens, to which certain conveniences have been added recently—a ring for a lady to fasten it to her chain, and a metal clasp to allow the male possessor to keep it fixed in position in the pocket.

Monday of this week was the ninety-third anniversary of the death of Henry Sampson Woodfall, publisher of the *Public Advertiser* and of the "Letters of Junius." Woodfall died on Dec. 12, 1805, at Chelsea, where he had resided from 1796, and his dust was borne to the old churchyard of St. Luke's, to be laid with that of so many famous persons. I reproduce a photograph of the tombstone, which is little defaced after the rains and suns of so many years. Chelsea during the period of Woodfall's sojourn was curiously lacking in distinguished residents. The years from 1709 to 1715 were very remarkable for the district, which could then claim Swift, Atterbury, Arbuthnot, Newton, and Steele, while Addison lived hard by; 1742 to 1765 saw another noteworthy group, including Sir Hans Sloane, Hoadley, Collins, and Smollett, the last of whom attracted to his Chelsea home Johnson, Goldsmith, Sterne, Garrick, Wilkes, and John Hunter. Later, long after Woodfall's day was done, there came to Chelsea, as everyone knows, de Quincey and Carlyle. The Kingsleys, too, were boys there.

WOODFALL'S GRAVE IN CHELSEA CHURCHYARD.
Photo by Bolas, Oxford Street, W.

Far-away Singapore celebrated the coronation festivities of the young Queen of the Netherlands by a fancy-dress ball, to which it was bidden by the loyal Netherlanders of the city. The Town Hall was a brilliant sight, historical fancy-dress being *de rigueur*. There were,



Mrs. Kynnersley.

Hon. C. W. S. Kynnersley.

FANCY-DRESS UNDER THE LINE.

Photo by Lambert, Singapore.

however, some Oriental dresses that did but set off the European costumes. Some of the wearers of the latter must have been supremely uncomfortable, for the temperature at nine p.m. was 78 degrees, as usual in this under-the-Line place.

The presents that Abdul Hamid made to the German Emperor and Empress have just arrived at Potsdam. They were sent by sea to Hamburg, and occupied the whole of a railway compartment in the train to Potsdam. Amongst them were embroideries, the richest Turkey carpets, wonderful silken stuffs and brocades from the Imperial factory at Heréké, pictures, jewels, and *objets d'art*. Among other things were two Cedars of Lebanon, a small coffee-tree that the Emperor had admired very much in the Sultan's garden at Constantinople, and seventy fowls of the rarest kinds for the Empress's poultry-yard.

There is little chance that the return of M. Pavloff to Korea from the Russian Legation in Pekin is a happy augury for that kingdom. The essence of M. Pavloff's diplomacy is not calculated to reconcile the King to the transfer, and as there is already a pronounced bias towards Russia among certain circles at Seoul, the Protectorate which Russia is exercising over Manchuria has something more than the mere possibility of an extension to Korea. However, in the meantime, Russia is to assume a conciliatory policy towards China.

I have to tell a touching tale relating to the *camaraderie* of the cats and cabbies of Soho Square. Passing along that square the other day, I was struck with the marked friendliness of a cat on the railings. A hansom-cabman, who noted the incident, informed me that some five or six cats made their home in the gardens of Soho Square, and were in the habit of coming every morning to pay their respects to the cabmen who congregate at the cab-stand there. This pleasing interchange of civilities should surely be recorded in an animal-loving paper.

The tolerance of a "claque" in the French theatres is a mystery to English nerves. Sarah Bernhardt abolished it after her travels in England and America, but was obliged to restore it, and when recently the Ministry of Fine Arts made a reform in the claque at the Opéra, it was only to subject it, as had been done for the Comédie Française, to a private régime. Paris possesses a King of the Claque, terror and providence of directors, who jobs out

applause to all the great theatres of the capital. For a fixed sum paid by him for the privilege, this august personage receives each day a certain number of seats, which he resells for his own profit, and in consideration of which he furnishes the quantity of bravos claimed by the theatre. To this transaction he adds the sale of what are known as authors' tickets—that is, free tickets granted to authors and others—and thus he holds in his hands the disposition of all tickets sold outside the box-offices. To the amounts thus realised are added the obligatory "presents" of the actors, of whom many pay from one to three hundred francs a-month to have their entries and recalls well "claqued."

Under these conditions, a claque chief, if intelligent, becomes very quickly a capitalist, and has always a sum at the disposition of directors in need. For a loan of 25,000 francs, he receives fifty or sixty thousand francs' worth of tickets, or else they cede to him the "curtain-raiser" for a determined period, by an arrangement as follows: the claque chief buys a one-act play from some poor playwright for a few louis, and has it played for several hundred times consecutively, appropriating to himself the author's rights. It is thanks to this combination that a bad one-act play is sometimes kept running for as long as two years in certain theatres of the boulevard.

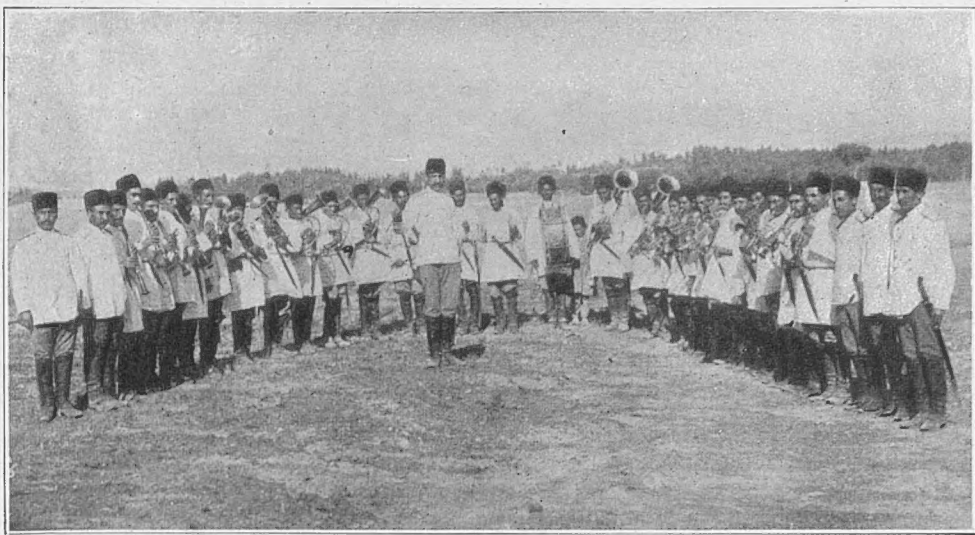
The Opéra has now been withdrawn from this régime, and its claque chief now has, as at the Comédie, a monthly salary. He receives five hundred francs a-month, and has at his disposition thirty places in the parterre, which he distributes free to amateurs admitted to applaud under his orders. He is an old student of the Conservatoire, and his tickets are dealt out to poor artists, engineers, advocates, and others of taste. This is considered a great reform, but who besides a well-seasoned Parisian, that ever by awful hazard found himself placed near the claque, would agree that there could be any great gain inside of sweeping it into the street?

It seems that M. Félix Faure has been unlucky enough to incur the displeasure of one of the haughtiest *grandes dames* of Europe by a very ill-bred *faux pas*. Until her recent visit to Paris, the Grand Duchess Vladimir of Russia has always declined in a very decisive manner any invitation from the various Presidents of the Republic to dine or lunch at the Elysée. However, the other day she unbent, and, when Madame Faure ventured to invite her to dinner, she was graciously pleased to accept. The Grand Duchess was, of course, taken in to dinner by M. Faure, and placed on his right-hand. The first course duly arrived, and—the President of the Republic was served first! The Grand Duchess and her suite could scarcely believe their senses, but when the second course arrived, the same thing happened again, and so on through the repast. It will be amusing to hear what answer the Grand Duchess returns when she next receives an invitation to dine at the Elysée.



TROOP OF THE ERTHOGRUL CAVALRY, WHICH ACTED AS GUARD OF HONOUR TO THE GERMAN EMPEROR DURING HIS TOUR IN PALESTINE.

Photo by Abdullah Frères et Cie, Constantinople.



THE BAND OF THE PERSIAN COSSACK BRIGADE AT TEHERAN IN UNDRESS UNIFORM.

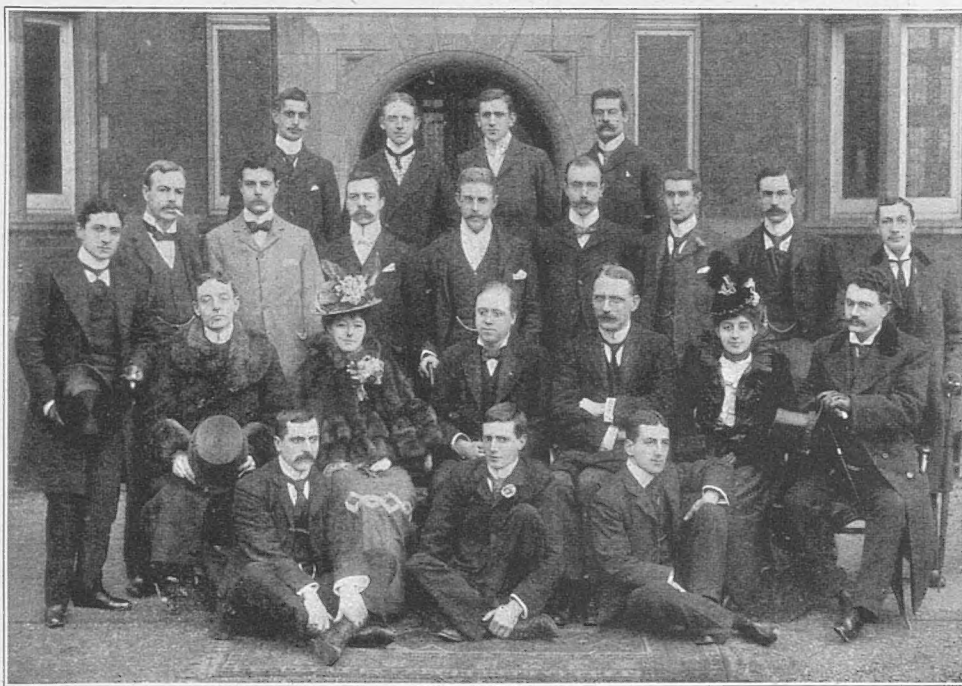
Photo by Sevruguin, Teheran.

Muzaffer ed Din, Shah of Persia, celebrated the forty-seventh anniversary of his birth on Oct. 31, making him 45½ years of age by our reckoning. In conformity with Oriental usage, festivities began on the eve, when the bazaars were illuminated. The Imperial Bank of Persia, which has the finest situation on the principal square of Teheran, is on such occasions gorgeously illuminated. An informal reception was this year held at the Bank, which was attended by the Ministers of Great Britain, Italy, and the United States, as well as the French Chargé d'Affaires. The Grand Vizier and the Minister of Foreign Affairs paid a ceremonious visit of thanks. The band of the Cossack Brigade, a body of about six hundred Persian cavalry and artillery commanded by three Russian officers, was present during the evening, and General Lemaire, Director of Military Music to the Shah, profited by the presence of General Sir Thomas E. Gordon, K.C.I.E., C.B., C.S.I. (now on a mission to the Court of Persia from the Board of the Bank), and Lady Gordon to produce a fantasia of his composition on Scottish airs. It was pleasant to sit in the cool and balmy air of a brilliant moonlight night and hear the familiar strains of "The Flowers of the Forest," "Duncan Gray," and "Lochaber No More," while three thousand miles away and four thousand feet above one's home in the Old Country. The visitors were delighted with the music, and, if asked if those Persians played well, would certainly answer with Shakspeare—

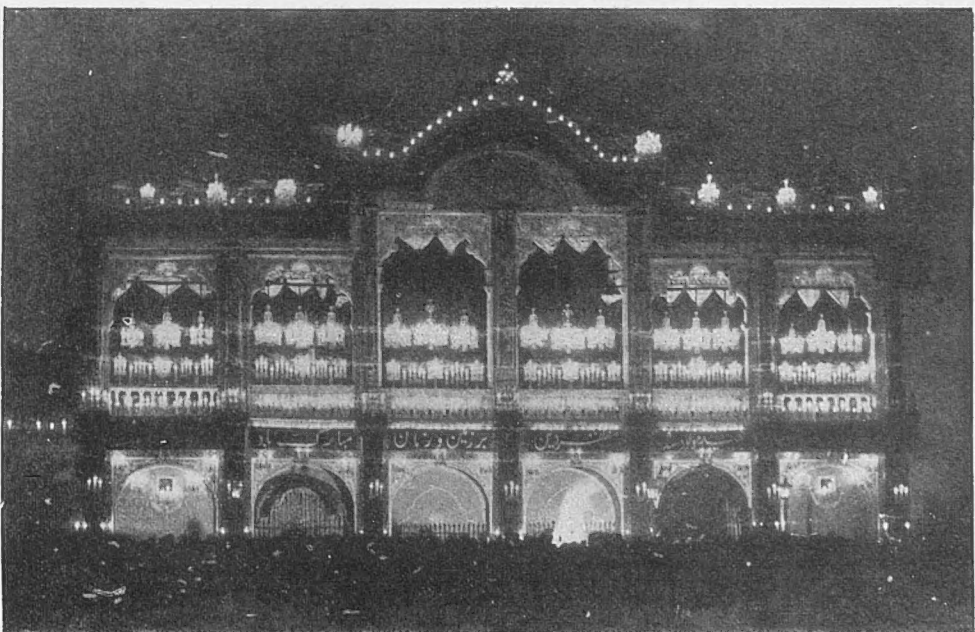
They do, they do; and are apparell'd thus—
Like Muscovites, or Russians, as I guess.

At a special parade of the 21st Lancers, at Cairo, Lieutenant-Colonel Crole Wyndham read Her Majesty's autograph letter conferring upon the regiment the title of "Empress of India's," and, in addition, the distinguishing mark of French-grey facings. The men gave three cheers

have certainly strong claims, for their commanding officer, Major W. H. Williams, had serious difficulties to face. First, it was said that English



SOME MIDDLESEX HOSPITAL MEN AND THE ARTISTS WHO HELPED THEM AT A "SMOKER," INCLUDING MISS MAY YOHE AND MR. HARRY DAVENPORT.

Photo by Ball, Regent Street, W.

THE BANK OF PERSIA ILLUMINATED ITSELF TO HONOUR THE SHAH'S 45½ (?) BIRTHDAY.

Photo by Sevruguin, Teheran

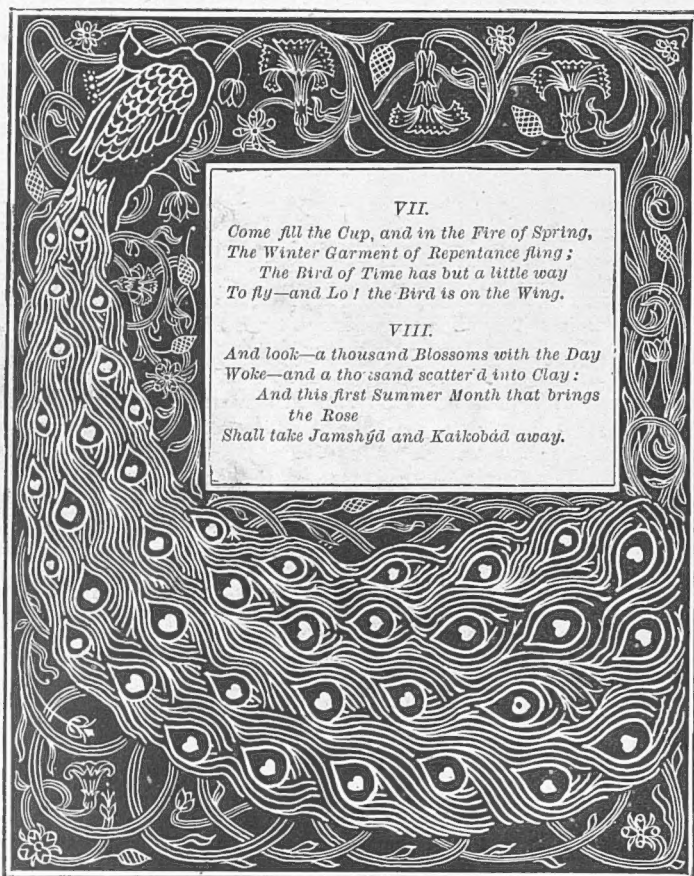
for the Queen, and sang the National Anthem, following this with cheers for their late commanding officer, Colonel Martin, who, like the Sirdar, is to have a sword-of-honour. Then Colonel Wyndham addressed the men, and said it was the feeling of all present that "no one had lived in vain whose service had helped towards the achievement which culminated in this ceremonial." The desire of the regiment to retain the French-grey, which was the colour of their busby-bags as Hussars, is another instance—as in the case of "The Buffs"—of the tenacity with which Tommy clings to any peculiar regimental distinction. It is understood that General Sir Robert White, K.C.B., an old 17th Lancer, but now Honorary Colonel of the 21st, represented to the War Office the desire of the regiment to retain a colour which, though not so showy as the scarlet facings they were ordered to assume, had the recommendation of being unique, as no other British regiment wears it.

There is a feeling among Artillerymen that their branch of the Service has not received the credit due for its services in the Soudan. The 32nd Field Battery—the first British troops to enter Omdurman—

horses and Walers were not suitable for the Soudan, and he was called on for suggestions. He suggested mules, and the experiment was tried, and met with great success. The mules were transformed by kindness and care into such tractable and willing animals that it is understood two mule-batteries are now being formed for the Egyptian Army. Then, as suitable shell for breaching was not procurable, Major Williams had to supervise its manufacture in the Egyptian Army workshops. Captain Nicholson, who was with the 32nd Battery in the Soudan, gave a lecture at Woolwich the other day on the part it played, and was asked whether the first great charge had been repulsed by artillery or infantry fire. He said that at Omdurman, on the night of the battle, it was generally believed to have been a gunner's day, whereas it "was now gradually becoming an infantry day."

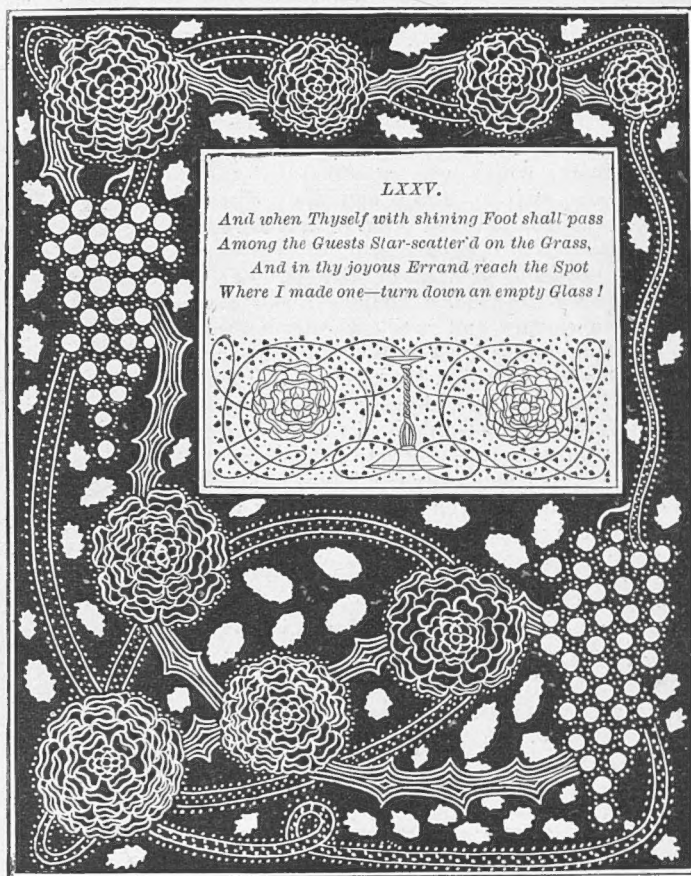
The last rank-and-file survivor of the Battle of Waterloo is said to have been an old Chelsea Pensioner, John McKay, of the Forty-second, who died at Chelsea Hospital some years ago. However, apparently a few still survive in the Colonies, and a Sydney reporter interviewed one of these veterans recently. "So you were at Waterloo?" was his first question. "Yes," said the old 'un; "I remember it all as if it was only yesterday." "Did you know Bill Adams, who got the 'V.C.' there?" "I should think I did," exclaimed the survivor; "why, he was serving in the same company as me!"

The Omar Kháyyám Club holds one of its quarterly dinners on Friday next, with Mr. L. F. Austin, the President, in the chair, and Sir George Robertson, the hero of Chitral, in the vice-chair. The Club will, no doubt, call attention at this gathering to the beautiful edition of FitzGerald's poem which has just been dedicated to it by Messrs. Macmillan, Limited. The illustrations are by W. B. Macdougall, and in my eyes they are perfectly charming. There are, of course, two methods of treating FitzGerald's poem. The one is to produce a certain number of ornamental figure-pictures, as has been done with considerable efficiency in different ways by Mr. Vedder and Mr. Gilbert James. The other manner is that of the purely decorative character for which Mr. Macdougall is responsible. On the whole, I prefer Mr. Macdougall. He has entered in a certain fantastic fashion into the spirit of the verses. It is pleasant to read them in the centre of his decorative pages—it is less distracting than the most accomplished illustrations from what I may call figure-artists. Omar Kháyyám's "Rubáiyát" is peculiarly a poem of symbolism, and Mr. Macdougall has illustrated it in a symbolical way. It is only just to the artist and the publishers to say that the small reproductions on this page give no very fair idea of the real strength of this illustrated edition—a book, by the way, for which Messrs. Macmillan charge twelve shillings and sixpence, only two shillings more than they make us pay for the only edition that has hitherto been on sale in this country.



the punctuation of variety without hurt, and to follow a violin solo with a comic song, when both are of the best, is no less possible and pleasant to our musical palate than caviare might be after a chocolate soufflé to our anatomical one. Mrs. Freeth's pleasant entertainment at Steinway Hall last week was a case in point. Following Mrs. Chambers's fine rendering of Spindler's "Elfen" on the piano, Mrs. Freeth gave some crisply played and capital banjo-solos. Then Mr. Leonard Mackay's powerful voice preceded three little songs by Maud V. White sweetly and daintily sung by Mrs. Reginald Brooke. A whistling solo of Mr. Charles Capper's was loudly re-demanded, and, following some other music, a smart original dramatic sketch by Mr. W. R. Walkes was played to admiration by the author and his wife. Mrs. Freeth's programme was, in fact, admirably arranged throughout.

The death of the Earl of Buchan recalls the fact that this title is one of the oldest in Scotland, and has been owned by other ancient Scottish families before that of Erskine. In the early part of the thirteenth century it was borne by the Comyn family, whose enmity to Robert the Bruce (which has been picturesquely told in a once popular romance, "The Days of Bruce") resulted in possessions and title being wrested from them. Later, the honours were conferred on Alexander Stewart, son of Robert II., who died in 1394, when the Regent Albany bestowed it on his second son, John Stewart, Constable of France.



From the Edition of FitzGerald's "Omar Kháyyám" illustrated by W. B. Macdougall for the Macmillans.

Lord Aberdeen's return to his ancestral home in the far North has been attended by some quaint incidents suggestive of a bygone generation. On the Sunday after his arrival he worshipped in the parish church of Methlick, and on coming out the Countess and himself shook hands with everyone present. This reminds me of what took place when the present Earl's grandfather, the Prime Minister, went to church there. The scene has been well described by Lord Stanmore, the son of the Premier Earl. "Lord Aberdeen and his family," he says, "climbed the steep flight of rough stone steps, external to the building, which led to their seat, and the congregation poured into the church, while the minister, sidling with difficulty past the old women, arrayed in red or clay-coloured cloaks and high, stiff, white 'mutches,' who, by right of deafness, sat upon the pulpit stairs, made his way to that eminence, hung up his hat on a peg therein, and proceeded to read the metrical psalm with which the service commenced, and which was sung sitting. . . . At the close of the service, the minister, after pronouncing with extended arms the final blessing, turned to the 'loft' in which 'my Lord' was seated and made a low bow, which was returned with equal gravity and depth of obeisance by his lordship, standing."

The old style of the concert-giver who followed one song or sonata, as the case might be, with another until the audience drifted into the comatose condition which some Sunday sermons have been known to induce, now gives way to the more diversified and decidedly more interesting variety entertainment. This change has been met with quick appreciation instead of somnolent endurance, for even the best art bears

Mr. Vesey Knox, who has announced his intention to retire from Parliament, is unlike most other Nationalist members in several respects. He belongs to the landlord class, he is a Protestant, he took his degree at Oxford, and there is not a trace of the Celt in him. Nobody could be more unlike Mr. Biggar, whom he succeeded as member for Cavan when only twenty-five. In many ways he proved to be an Irish representative after Mr. Parnell's heart, bitter and persistent in speech, a skilful obstructive, but calm, self-possessed, and gentlemanly in manner. Like Mr. Parnell himself, he resembles the English more than the Irish. It is doubtful if the average Nationalist member ever regarded him with cordiality. His "fine Oxford English" has been sneered at by colleagues. Mr. Knox sided with Mr. Healy in his conflict with Mr. Dillon, and latterly formed a party of himself.

"Queen Mary IV.," the Legitimist Sovereign of these realms, is now travelling in Spain. While in Madrid, she was greeted by some of her faithful lieges, members of the Legitimist Club.

Mr. Henry Stevens, of the Auction Rooms, Covent Garden, asks me to say that his appearance as Charles I. was not at Covent Garden Fancy-Dress Ball, as stated recently in our columns, but at a private fancy-dress ball in the village in which he lives. He appears to think that it would have been very wrong to put in an appearance at Covent Garden. The world in general will find the distinction of no particular importance. The Covent Garden Fancy-Dress Balls are very amusing. I enjoyed one of these balls myself very much the other evening, but perhaps Mr. Stevens is among those who take their pleasures sadly.

That Britannia shall really rule the waves is the greatest ideal of the subjects of the Queen at the present moment. Herewith I give a picture of the experts who form the Commission appointed to inspect the



THIS COMMISSION HAS BEEN APPOINTED TO SEE THAT BRITANNIA REALLY RULES THE WAVES IN REGARD TO NEW ZEALAND.

defences of New Zealand. They consist of the following, arranged to suit the photograph—

Lieut.-Colonel Newall (Wellington).	Lieut.-Colonel Webb (Otago).	Lieut.-Colonel Gordon (Canterbury).
Major Madocks (Secretary).	Colonel Pole-Penton (Commandant of the Forces).	Sir Arthur Douglas (Under-Sec. for Defence).
		Lieut.-Colonel Banks (Auckland).

The old wooden battleship *Ladas*, which has been for many years familiar to all visitors to Devonport Dockyard, where she acted as Guardship of Reserves, is the latest of the ships of the old Navy to be handed over to the shipbreakers, after sixty years' good service. Until a few days ago there were two vessels bearing this name, for, before the old *Ladas* had gone, the Admiralty had given the name to a more modern ship. The passing away of this old ship will be regretted by none more than those old veterans Admiral Sir W. Houston Stewart and Admiral Sir John Dalrymple Hay, who served in her years ago in the West Indies, and by Admiral Sir James Erskine, who spent many of his midshipman days in her in the Mediterranean.

It is astonishing how much profit the Patriotic Commissioners make out of the moneys which are due to soldiers who die in the service and which their next-of-kin never claim. The Commissioners now have no less than £146,045 which belong to the relatives of dead soldiers, but apparently they are not diligent readers of the *London Gazette*. The fact that there is this large sum waiting for its rightful owners indicates the futility of advertising the lists only in the Government organ. For instance, where are the next-of-kin of Major E. A. Smith and Second-Lieutenant W. H. Ramage-Dawson, two late officers of the Royal Artillery, against whose names stand £12 16s. 9d. and £27s. 15s. 3d. respectively? In addition to these "unclaimed balances," there is a matter of £76,889, being Army prize-money which has never been asked for from the War Office. Twenty-one sergeants and privates died in the past year, leaving over £50 each to be claimed by their heirs, and no one has come forward for it.



"H.M.S. PINAFORE," AS STAGED AT SOUTHEM.

In a few days the keel-plates will be laid at Portsmouth of the new battleship *London*, and naval officers are wondering if, when this vessel is ready for sea, the City Corporation will take any steps to mark its appreciation of the compliment which the First Lord of the Admiralty has paid it. What the custom is in America may be judged by one recent instance. The Secretary of the Navy Department was approached, on behalf of the alumni of Princeton University, with a request that they might be afforded an opportunity to show their interest in the gunboat *Princeton*. On an early date, consequently, this ship will call at Philadelphia or New York, and the officers will be presented with a bell, a handsome silver service, and a library—all purchased with subscriptions of graduates of the University. Will the City of London reciprocate the First Lord of the Admiralty's compliment after some such fashion when H.M.S. *London* is put in commission?

It is often stated that British battleships do not carry enough guns, and that the guns they do carry are not big enough. There is, however, reason for thinking that the days of very big guns are passed. The war between Spain and America showed that medium-calibre guns are the most serviceable. The United States Navy Department are, consequently, abandoning their favourite 13-inch breech-loading weapon in favour of the 12-inch gun of the British Navy. Germany is going a step further, and has decided to discard the 11½-inch gun, with which her battleships have hitherto been armed, and in future the biggest gun will be of the 9½-inch calibre. Everything indicates that the day of big guns, such as our own 111-ton and 67-ton gun, pieces that were introduced in the ill-fated *Victoria* and the ships of the *Royal Sovereign* class, has gone, and that ordnance officials will now devote themselves to perfecting weapons of from 40 to 50 tons.

Suppose, however, that any of her Majesty's ships had sunk the night that the Margate surf-boat, the *Friend of All Nations*, came to



THE MARGATE SURF-BOAT THAT NEARLY CAME TO DEATH.

grief off the Kentish Knock, when she was being towed by the tug *Herald* while going to the assistance of a distressed steamer. About midnight the crew found she had given way at the head, and, as the water was rushing in, they had to abandon her. The surf-boat has been towed into Yarmouth Harbour, having been found by a tug floating about in the roadstead, and has been placed on a shipway near Darby's Hard at Gorleston. This same boat capsized on Dec. 1, 1897, shortly after she was launched, and nine of the crew were drowned. She has had a wonderful life-saving career, and since being launched, twenty years ago, has saved 380 lives. The view shows her lying partly submerged, also the damage done to her head.

So fascinating is the Navy that "H.M.S. *Pinafore*" is still afloat. Indeed, she never goes out of date. A very successful performance of the opera was given by the Southend Amateur Operatic Society the other night, under the direction of Mr. Barclay Gammon. This is the first Gilbert and Sullivan opera performed by this society, which has reached its eighth season. The society is to complete the series in the fulness of time.

The antiquities of Brighton, or rather, BRIGHTHELMSTONE, are rapidly disappearing. A flag-staff alone reminds one of the old Brighton Battery, the toll-house only remains of the famous Royal Chain Pier, and now the vandal builder has demolished the renowned King's Head in West Street. This ancient inn was originally The George, and there, tradition records, the "Merrie Monarch" slept in secret on October 14, 1651, after the disastrous battle of Worcester, and from this place he (*via* Shoreham) escaped to France. Fanny Burney (Madame d'Arblay) duly records in her Diary that she was resting opposite the royal hiding-place. Miss Burney was then staying with the Thrales, whose house faced the old "hostelrie," and there Dr. Johnson and the circle met *circa* 1780, and earlier. Until a few years ago, the actual room which Prince Charles occupied was shown. Thrale House was demolished in 1867; the Grand Concert Hall stands on the actual site.

Many a long century ago, one Dormodes, a Saxon, carved a settlement out of the great Forest of Feckenham, and this was known as Dormodestune. Subsequently, the Abbey of Westminster held land, and had manorial rights, and to-day Dormodestune is a village called



THIS CHURCH IS FIVE HUNDRED YEARS OLD.

Photo by Hemswoorth, Worcester.

Dormston, so remotely situated in the wilds of Worcestershire as to be ten miles from everywhere. Here for some five hundred years has stood the ancient church of St. Nicholas, with its quaint half-timbered tower and vestry underneath, more nearly resembling the wood-shed of a country cottage than anything pertaining to a church. The whole structure is almost a ruin, but still bears traces of early elaboration. Happily, restoration has been taken in hand, and its quaintness will in great measure be preserved.

One of the old Fulham landmarks, Arundel House, is now rapidly disappearing to make room for the modern stacks of flatdom. Arundel House is situated opposite the Parson's Green Lane, and bordered on the east by Wheatsheaf Alley, once a notorious rendezvous for footpads. Originally built at the end of the seventeenth century, it has to some extent been added to since then, as an old pewter pot, bearing the inscription of "The Crown," found buried in the wall, seems to prove beyond a doubt. Until recently the residence of the Rev. J. S. Sinclair, now Vicar of Cirencester, it was formerly the home of Hallam the historian, and it was here that his "Constitutional History" was composed. The following interesting extract from Croker's "Walk from London to Fulham" says that "it is a house of considerable antiquity, judging from the stone mullions brought to light by some repairs probably as old as Henry VIII., although the brick front appears to be the work of the latter part of the seventeenth century." The back of Arundel House is quite different in character. At the farther end of the garden a veritable yew-tree arbour exists, and not far from it used to stand a picturesque old pump, with the date 1758 on the spout. Upon a leaden cistern at the back of Arundel House a monogram occurs, beneath an earl's coronet, with the date 1703.

Notwithstanding that this is obviously compounded from the letters "L. I. C." or "C. I. L.," and at the first glance, with the connection of the earl's coronet and a date, would appear to present no difficulty respecting the correct appropriation, I must confess my inability to state to whom



THE HOME OF HALLAM.

the monogram belonged. For the name "Arundel" I am equally unable to account. No mention of this name is made by Faulkner, nor does the name of "Arundel" occur in the parish records of Fulham, although

in 1724, as before mentioned, Stanley Grove House appears to have been in the possession of Henry Arundel. In the midst of this obscurity, the residence of Hallam the historian, who occupied Arundel House in 1819, invests it with a literary association of interest. During the process of pulling down, the workmen found some coins of the sixteenth century, which, together with many other interesting finds, are, I believe, in the hands of Messrs. Rogers and Bully, the builders.

It is not often that a lion makes a deliberate and unprovoked attack upon a man in broad daylight, and Mr. R. T. Coryndon's recent adventure in the Matoka country, recorded in the *Field*, stands, as far as my knowledge goes, quite by itself. Having seen three lions together out in the open one morning, he galloped out to attack them before they should be able to seek cover. His horse was going at speed in answer to the spur, when from behind a bush a lioness, which Mr. Coryndon had not seen, sprang at him as he raced by. The horse, naturally enough, shied violently, and thus caused the lioness to miss her mark. She alighted on the horse's quarters, and, of course, brought him down, but, being cowed, and possibly surprised to find she had attacked a man, she slunk off, taking with her a bullet from Mr. Coryndon's rifle. Some little time back, Mr. D. C. Robertson, while cycling home to Blantyre one moonlight night, was followed for about two miles along the road through bush by a lion which was evidently unable to screw up his courage for a spring upon so uncanny a prey as a man on twinkling wheels.

This group of four generations was photographed soon after the eightieth birthday of the head of the family, Mr. C. S. Beecroft, who was the founder of the well-known firm of Beecroft, Sons, and Nicholson, of London, Manchester, and Luton. His daughter became the wife of



FOUR GENERATIONS OF A MUSICAL FAMILY: THE BEECROFTS.

Mr. David Wire Pine, of Maidstone, a nephew of Mr. Alderman Wire, formerly Lord Mayor of London. The musical attainments of the ladies are of a very high order, Mrs. Wire Pine and her family being justly renowned throughout Kent for their abilities in this direction.

Here is another story about a Bishop, apocryphal perhaps, but decidedly of the best "Benjamin Trovato" sort. It refers to how complacently a Church dignitary proposed to the lady of his choice, using the following laconic, take-it-all-for-granted expression, "So we are engaged, are we not?"

The cricket world has been agitated concerning the County qualification question for some time past, and a good deal of interest therefore attached to the proceedings of the meeting of delegates held at Lord's last week. As matters stand now, any cricketer who has "a residence" in the county is entitled to play for it, and, as a residence may mean anything, from a manorial hall to a garret in the back-street of a manufacturing town, Lord Harris did not overstate the case for redrafting the qualification rules when he said the word "residence" was not precise enough for present requirements. Mr. Wilson, the Derbyshire delegate, put the matter more plainly. "They objected to men qualifying by paying half-a-crown a-week for an upper room which they never occupied and never saw but for two or three days in the year." That, in some cases, is the sole connection players have with the counties for which they play, and it is inconsistent with the spirit of the game that such evasion should be continued. The committee which the M.C.C. have undertaken to convene for the purpose of deciding what shall be held to constitute "residence" will, no doubt, be able to evolve satisfactory rules out of the several schemes propounded by Lord Hawke, Lord Harris, and representative players from Lancashire, Notts, and Worcestershire.

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Is Lord Rosebery quite accurate in saying that, when a young man, Mr. Gladstone lived in Edinburgh with his father? In the early 'thirties, John Gladstone, of Fasque, resided, it appears, in Atholl Crescent, and it is more likely that the future statesman made his uncle's house his home during his sojourn in the Northern metropolis. Atholl Crescent has been chosen, by the way, as the site of the new Usher Hall, and Lord Rosebery, to whom Mr. Gladstone frequently pointed out the house in which he had resided, hopes the edifice will not be among those doomed to make way for the new structure. It was in Forres Street that Dr. Chalmers resided during the period Mr. Gladstone lived in Edinburgh, and the Queensferry Road, a favourite walk of the two friends, was the most convenient outlet to the country. The same road, it is interesting to recall, was the scene, at a later time, of the evening strolls of Dr. John Brown and Thackeray when the latter visited his friend in Edinburgh. On one occasion a remarkable sunset-effect witnessed as they walked on the Queensferry Road so impressed the two friends that they often alluded in after days to the weird spectacle.

The handsome new premises of the London Library, in the historic Square of St. James, which were formally inaugurated by Mr. Leslie Stephen on the Monday of last week, occupy the site of a mansion originally known as Beauchamp House. This was the town residence of Lord Amherst, when Commander-in-Chief of the British Army, and it is a happy coincidence, therefore, to find that the present occupant of that high position was among those who attended and spoke at this most interesting function. The institution was first opened in May, 1841, and since that time up to the present its collection of literary treasures may

be said to have increased *pari passu* with its popularity and usefulness. Among those who have from time to time borne special testimony to its merits are M. Guizot, who was a witness before the Select Committee on Public Libraries which sat at the House of Commons in 1849. The

house No. 11, which adjoins the London Library, and is now the Windham Club, was the residence at various times of William Windham, Lord Chief Justice Ellenborough, the Earl of Blessington, and the Duke of Roxburghe, the sale of whose books in 1812 lasted for no fewer than forty-two days.

The new editor of the *Quarterly Review* is Mr. G. W. Prothero, a brother of Mr. Rowland E. Prothero, who has just vacated the post in favour of the probably more lucrative position of agent to the Duke of Bedford. He has been, since 1894, Professor of Modern History in the University of Edinburgh, but it is understood that he will now resign this appointment and take up his residence in London. Professor Prothero had a distinguished career at Eton and King's College, Cambridge; indeed, his career all along has been one continued record of success. Before going to Edinburgh, he filled various appointments in connection with his college, and, four years ago, was admitted to the degree of Doctor in Letters, a degree which the statute ordains shall only be conferred on those who have "given proofs of distinction by some original contribution to the advance-

ment of learning." Mr. G. W. Prothero has published a number of historical works, and has edited Sir John Seeley's "Growth of British Policy" and the "Cambridge Historical Series." He is still a comparatively young man, being on the right side of fifty.



AUTUMN IN HAMPSHIRE: "LEAVES HAVE THEIR TIME TO FALL."

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY F. MASON GOOD, WINCHFIELD.

YESTERDAY WAS DR. JOHNSON'S DEATH-DAY (DEC. 13, 1784),
AND THE JOHNSON CLUB DRANK TO HIS REVERED MEMORY IN SOLEMN SILENCE.

This day a hundred and fourteen years ago London was in mourning—that is, the London of Fleet Street, the London that is alive, that had lost on the previous day its greatest panegyrist; and the old brigade turned sorrowfully to the second floor of the “Cheshire Cheese,” for the chair



JOHNSON'S FAVOURITE CHAIR.
Photo by H. C. Shelley.

Charles II. took a chop there, accompanied by Nell Gwynne; Ben Jonson, Herriek, and Goldsmith also were its patrons, when “brick boxes with slate lids” and “suburbs” were things unheard of, when Londoners lived over their shops, and the tavern was everyone's haven after business hours; but with Dr. Johnson, true to his own words, “There is no private house in which people can enjoy themselves so well as at a capital tavern,” and Boswell, the faithful chronicler of his sayings and doings, it is chiefly associated, and the famous lexicographer's chair and the place in the north-east corner of the “Cheese's” window where he loved to sit are still shown.

In later days, Burke, Forster, Dickens, and Tom Hood, and all the literary men of the period, dined there often, and Sala, that great lover of London lore, frequently paid it a visit and periodically wrote about it.

“The ‘Cheese,’” says he, “is at the Brain Street end. It is a little, lop-sided, wedged-up house that always reminds you, structurally, of a



JOHNSON'S CORNER.
Photo by H. C. Shelley.

high-shouldered man with his hands in his pockets. It is full of holes and corners and sharp turnings, and in ascending the stairs to the smoking-room you must tread cautiously, if you do not wish to be tripped up by plates and dishes, momentarily deposited there by furious waiters.”

Johnson is the head and front of the “Cheshire Cheese” to most people, but it had a big history when the Doctor dawned on Gough Square. Shakespeare often visited “Ye Cheshire Cheese” in Wine Office Court, Fleet Street, on his way to and from the Blackfriars Theatre;

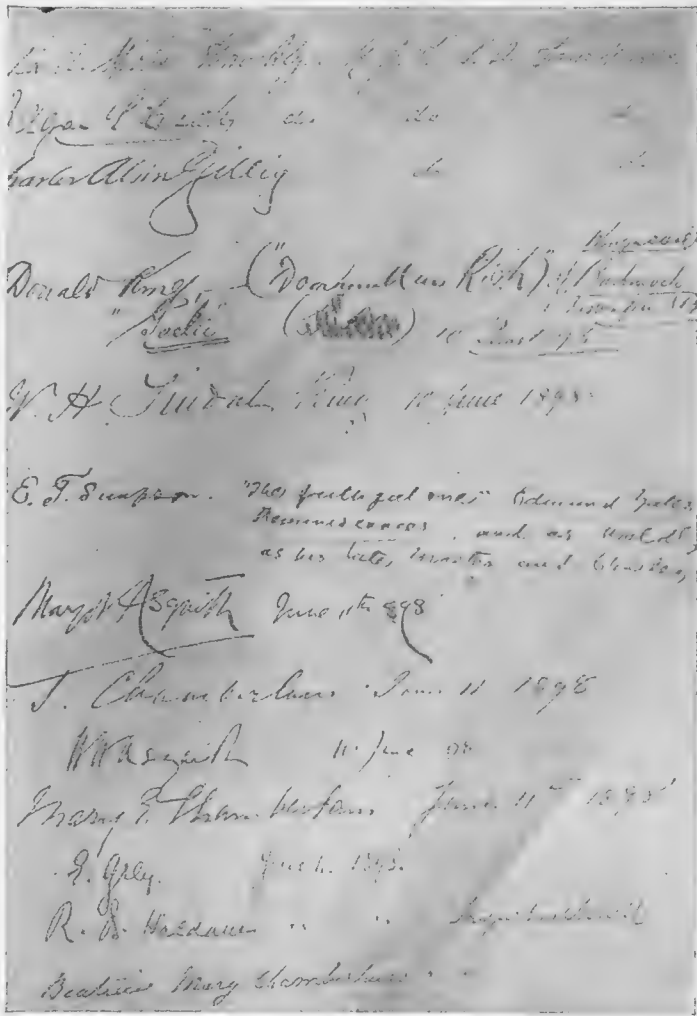
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Apropos of Sala, a rather good story is told. Some years before his death, commissioned by the *Telegraph*, Sala went to Paris, with the object of writing up the French methods of cookery. Well, the articles duly appeared and ran for some six weeks, to the chagrin of the British cook, praising the Frenchmen and their methods up to the skies. Then Sala came back to his

parents gave him. The other servitors have to answer to the names custom has bestowed upon those in their position. Thus the bar-boy is invariably Charles, George is the porter, James the second waiter, and old *habitués* tell of many a case where a lad has risen from bar-boy to the dignity of head-waiter by “easy instalments,” and, chamelcon-like, has changed his patronym at each step.

The “Cheese,” which was rebuilt in 1667, is famous for its old English fare generally, and for its pudding in particular. The ingredients of this dish are a secret handed down from father to son, and jealously guarded by the proprietor, who mixes the pudding himself in his private room unseen by anyone, but that it contains, among other things, rump-steak, and lark, and kidney, and mushroom, everyone knows.

On Wednesdays and Saturdays, during the winter months, when the famous Pudding of the Professionals makes its appearance in the little, old-fashioned dining-room, with its sanded floor and rafted ceiling, looking for all the world like a giant melted-butter-covered cauliflower, in what the little Chinaman in “The Geisha” would have called a “most mountainous” earthenware bowl, the room is packed, and



THE VISITORS' BOOK.
Photo by H. C. Shelley.

very soon the substantial portion allotted to each occupant is, as M. de Rougemont Grin's turtle should have done had it been a creature of Nature instead of one of art, descending vertically, and rapidly disappearing into the Ewigkeit.

Gourmands, it is said, look upon the eating of this pudding as a bi-weekly visit to Valhalla, but, be that as it may, I say with Mrs. Harris's great friend, “Let me put my lips to it when I'm so disposed.” The other fare at the “Cheese” is equally substantial, and essentially English; no kickshaws are served there. Beer is taken from earthenware mugs; the bread is eaten from black wooden platters; black-handled knives and forks are used. Following a dinner at the “Cheese” should certainly come an inspection of the visitors' book. It is nothing to look at externally, but a peep at the inside infallibly makes one break the Tenth Commandment and “covet” furiously.

Among the most interesting pages is that containing the Chamberlains' and the Asquiths' signatures, which is here reproduced. Phil May has contributed a most characteristic sketch in his famous dot-and-dash style. Then there is a page containing a wonderful eulogy of the pudding in faultless Greek, with a translation by the side of it for the benefit of those to whom it is nothing but Greek. But look in, and see for yourself.

WHAT IS A CAKE-WALK?

Billy Farrell is the Champion Cake-Walker of the World. What does it mean? The modern cake-walk is an African ballet—an Ethiopian pantomimic dance—and to become its *premier* this handsome, well-poised Mulatto had to out-walk, out-swagger, out-act, and out-grace two hundred and eight magnificent, unctuous, supple, genteel, chocolate-coloured Turveydrops in a five hours' weeding-out contest in Madison Square Garden, New York, patronised by the smartest *mondaines* of Gotham. There, Billy Farrell literally and figuratively "took the cake," and is now enthroned as the Paragon of Negro Æstheticism.

Cake-walking is an art; a *recherché* exhibition of splendid flirtation; a *cotillon à deux*, now becoming the fad of the day with Society; it is the *fin-de-siècle* minuet, descriptive, dramatic, decadent, a revival of the peacock-wooing of old slavery days, when it was a performance full of meaning; it is a custom, a rite, and an entertainment, all in one.

"Before the War" the slaves of adjoining plantations would meet together in some torch-lit cabin with sanded floor for "jamborees," to carve the 'possum, taste the persimmon, dance and sing negro melodies. But chief among their diversions was the cake-walk, in which the couples not only competed for the prize cake, but the bucks had opportunity to publicly show their preferences for their favourite wenches, to woo them, win them, and wed them by a single process. There were few marriages by licence in the antebellum times, and the cake-walk was their "hand-fasting" ceremony. Terpsichore officiated in the place of Hymen. To the enticements of the cake and the bride were added the zest of the fame which heralded the victorious agonists for miles around.

Such was the "straight" cake-walk, which has now lost its old significance with the emancipation of the blacks, while it has been elaborated in form to meet the requirements of the stage. It is to the "fancy" and "comic" cake-walks of Billy and (Miss) Willie

Farrell that the vogue of the revival is due. Their act is a piece of involved coquetry, more refined, perhaps, but still with the old motive of their ancestors, and they have cleverly adapted all the unconscious comedy of slave-time manners and peculiarities, all the grotesque, pompous, excruciating dignity of the Negro *Incrayable* and *Précieuse*.

Billy Farrell walks as never his huge-footed, long-limbed forbears walked to win a dusky bride; how many miles he has walked, bowing, smiling, and posturing with the elegance of a bronze Brummel, only this Exquisite—this admirable coloured Crichton, knows.

But his partner, the witch-eyed quadroon girl from Trinidad, with her soft skin, creamy-clean as a Colorado Claro, with that *diablerie* of the daughters of Ham which makes all the old romances of slave-days seem suddenly possible, lithe, feline, cunningly graceful, alluring with the incomprehensible, troublesome beauty of a mysterious race—do not call her tempting movements a "walk." If dancing is the poetry of motion, Miss Willie Farrell gyres in impossible Iambic Pentameters!

GELETT BURGESS.

HUNTING.

DEAR *Sketch* (writes a correspondent), I think the keen hunting-man whose dicta appear in the paper of Nov. 30 takes rather a pessimistic view of the future of fox-hunting, and, further, attributes its difficulties and embarrassments in some degree to the wrong causes. Free Trade, and consequent agricultural depression, of course, have done much to make the farmer look with a jaundiced eye upon a sport which results in damaged fences and crops, and puts him to trouble and loss in a dozen minor ways; but liberal treatment by those who administer the funds of the Hunt, with the tact that is rarely wanting in honorary secretaries, generally secures his acquiescence in the existence of hunting, if not his active goodwill towards the hounds. Without the farmer's acquiescence,

hunting could not continue another season. The good old English gentleman's gibe at successful merchants and Cockneys was short-sighted: now, more than ever, the sport needs money to keep it alive. The old generation of rich landowners (many of them descended from successful merchants and speculators of a former generation) is passing away, and a new generation of men who have made money in business is taking their place. It is no new thing; the process has been in operation for centuries. To these new men fox-hunting looks for the indispensable funds; many of them were born and bred in the country, and, business ties notwithstanding, have never lost their taste for, nor renounced indulgence in, country pursuits. Few men who have not hunted in their young days take to "pink" in life's afternoon when they have won success; but most of these, if they retire to a country residence after forty, though they never put foot in stirrup, appear on the members' subscription list as true pillars of the sport. New tenants without traditions can't very well feel hostility towards new landowners equally lacking traditions! Even the man who occupies "a place" his ancestors have possessed for centuries spends far less time on his estate in these days of



THE MEETING.



FLIRTATION.



GETTING ON.



THE KISS.

BILLY AND WILLIE FARRELL TAKING THE CAKE.

railways than did his fathers, and is less well-known and less accessible to his tenantry. Wire, barbed and plain, in many districts is a terrible drawback, but the following details, compiled from "Baily's Fox-Hunting Directory," give a fair idea of the state of affairs in 156 English and Welsh hunting countries—no account is taken of "fell" countries too rough for horses. In eighty-five countries little wire or none exists; in forty the report is "wire exists," or there is "much wire," and in the large majority of these cases there are arrangements for taking down the wire during the hunting season at the "Hunt's" expense. Five Masters of Hounds report "much wire and increasing"; four say they have "little wire, but it is increasing"; two report "little wire and decreasing," and twenty-one are silent on the point. We hear so much about wire that these figures seem worth putting in a paper so widely read as yours. Mind, I don't wish to underrate the danger of a little wire; twenty feet of the stuff left forgotten and concealed in a hedge is more likely to cause a horrible accident than ten miles of wire-fencing properly marked with red boards or flags. I should add that in the book whence my facts are taken it is rare to read "wire left unmarked."

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

Perhaps rather too much attention has been given over on this side to the ingenious and seductive plans of that Colonial devourer of the English, the egregious Deloncle. But, even if nothing comes of it, it will be worthy of a little attention. It so exactly embodies the true principles by which colonies fail and empire is lost. The Sirdar, having reconquered the Nile Valley, and destroyed the predatory Power of the Dervishes, establishes a school to instruct the natives in the elementary branches of education necessary if they are to be quiet subjects and useful servants of the Anglo-Egyptian Power. Having found out by experience, some, that their new masters are irresistible, others, that they are humane, they are to be taught how to be prosperous and law-abiding, and given the knowledge that will enable them to obey cheerfully and command efficiently. But, before they are called on to learn, they have had a lesson in the advantages of knowledge, and the hopeless inferiority of the ignorant in the struggle for power or prosperity. And every bit of knowledge they acquire, if they are properly taught on practical lines, will be of instant and obvious advantage to them. When they read and write Arabic, they will be able to know the laws by which they are governed, and petition for redress of grievances. Think what an advance it will be for Fuzzy-Wuzzy to be able to ask for justice by some means more delicate than a shovel-headed spear! When the Soudanese can speak English, they will be able to talk straight to those who—*pace* Deloncle—are likely to be over them for some years to come. Elementary instruction in civilised mechanics, agriculture, manufacturing methods, will shortly show forth itself on the irrigation-wheel and the holiday attire of the Shilluk or Dinka. He will learn, because he has seen very thoroughly that knowledge is power.

M. Deloncle begins at the other end. He puts the cart before the horse; or, to use the excellent phrase of his own countrymen, he leads the Egyptian donkey by the tail. His idea is to establish French schools at Khartoum and Fashoda in order to set the natives against the powers that be, and win their affection and allegiance for a Power that is not in those parts, but hopes to be. He aims, in fact, at doing for the Upper Nile what circumstances have done for Egypt proper, and what we in our wisdom have done for ourselves in India—the raising up of a semi-educated class, inevitably opposed to the Government. But he forgets that the French party in Egypt was educated and formed long before the British occupation. It was largely because French culture—or rather, manuring—produced a crop of official profit that the French tone spread so in the towns of Egypt. Now the culture has ceased to be remunerative and discontent follows.

Let us suppose that a French school is set up at Khartoum. (It would be manslaughter to allow one to be founded at fever-stricken Fashoda.) The masters will be, no doubt, able, plausible, and attractive men. They will make use of the infinite ways of being agreeable possessed by a clever Frenchman. They may possibly arouse an enthusiasm for French illustrated papers and *café-chantant* songs among the wilder youth of the Soudan. But will anything come of it all? It is much to be doubted. Fuzzy-Wuzzy may enjoy chatting with his French teacher over the glories of Paris. He may even appreciate the grandeur of the *grande nation*. But, when it comes to facts, he will ask, "What am I to get out of it? I learnt a little English, and I got a post as interpreter. Who will employ me for learning French?"

Similarly, when the teacher endeavours to win his pupil's allegiance for France, the son of Ham (possibly complicated with Shem) will ask how it was that, if France is so much greater and more glorious than England, the Sirdar came with his thousands, and the Major with but one hundred; and how—as the unsophisticated native would put it—Kitchener said to Marchand, "Go!" and he went. Melinite may be indistinguishable in its effects from Lyddite; but he knows which made the holes in the Mahdi's tomb. The savage mind has a great respect for that which strikes it hard and close; the intelligent appreciation of that which is not seen is the gift of a small minority even among civilised men.

So it is hardly likely that the policy of slate-pencil digs at British ascendancy, as one may fairly call the new Deloncle design, will fare any better than the policy of pin-pricks. It is the old plan of the Jesuits, who resolved to crush Protestantism by capturing the young in their schools. They did capture education, and trained up—Voltaire. Education may do much, but two things are stronger—race and environment. Now, racially, the Soudanese takes kindly to the robust methods of the Briton, and his environment is likely to have an English tone about it for some time to come. Will the proposed French college be able to strive against these two tendencies? I doubt it greatly. Napoleon's French educational institutions might very likely have flourished in Egypt, if he had stayed. He and his army were object-lessons on the advantages of French civilisation to the French. The Sirdar and his men will be similar object-lessons in the Soudan. The lines of his army make up the diagram on the school blackboard.

So I fear that the Ollendorf in use at the French School of Khartoum or Fashoda may have to contain such phrases as these—

"Have you the fine French sentiments of the uncle (*de l'oncle*)?" "No, but I have the useful Kitchener of the English cook." "Where is the brave merchant (*Marchand*)?" "He is not anywhere." MARMITON.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

Still another book on "R. L. S.," "Robert Louis Stevenson's Edinburgh Days" (Hodder and Stoughton). The writer is Miss Eve Blantyre Simpson, sister of the "Cigarette" of "The Inland Voyage." The book contains a great deal more of personal detail than the little volume published in the "Famous Scots" series some months ago, and it wisely makes no attempt at criticism or appreciation of Stevenson the writer. What he was like as an infant, a little and a big boy, a student, an aspirant lawyer and man of letters, we learn by leisurely and minute statements, and homage quite as enthusiastic is paid to his parents and his nurse. The tone is one of adoration, and no one will quarrel with that. The widespread adoration is the explanation and justification of such a book. About anyone else one would resent such intimate detail. But Stevenson took all sympathetic readers into his own household, and their interest in him henceforth has been as the interest in a much-loved brother.

Evidently we had not heard all the stories about him. Miss Simpson includes a great deal of fresh matter, and, if she does not compel us to modify our views, she fills up many gaps in our knowledge of the boy and man. It will be news to many that Stevenson was shy on certain occasions. When he declined to be an engineer, his father became reconciled to his idea of being a lawyer, thinking his ready speech would help him as a pleader. But there were obstacles to that. "I hate publicity; I dread publicity; I simply could not stand up and plead," he said; and in his first case, when his whole duty was to appear before a Judge and make a sentence-long statement, he got another lawyer to speak it for him.

Of his appearance and demeanour in intimate Edinburgh circles there are endless tales. "Others who came into the 'little committee' by our library hearth," says Miss Simpson, "might be tired, depressed, and sit still, enjoying a consoling pipe. Louis never was glum. He might be in the depth of dejection, but it was such magnified drooping of body and soul as to be farcical."

There is one strange tale of his endless experimentalism which will be new to most. Some friends once bantered him on the consistency of his Jekyllism in print, and defied him to show the Hyde, which existed in him, as in all men. He accepted the challenge—

avoided their company for some weeks, and laboured sedulously at a novel which would out-Herod Herod. He laid it before them, and they were startled with its strength, its terribleness, its outrageous blackness of human depravity. He was radiant; he had surprised them. The manuscript book was kept by one "lifelong friend" of his. He had it bound as "The History of Peru." The efforts of Louis's companions, which were schoolgirl reading in comparison, figured on the same shelf as "The History of Mexico."

The pride was all in the experiment. Stevenson was not long proud of the feat, for his Jekyllism was not only consistent, but native and strong as himself.

Evidently Miss Simpson does not look on Stevenson's exile to the Pacific as inevitable. Quite seriously she contends that the barge life, planned so enthusiastically years before, would have been ideal for him—

In a barge Louis could have had his home comforts, his books, his desk, about him, and thus journeyed with what Bailie Nicol Jarvie would have classed as "a' the comforts o' the Saut Market," through the opulent lands bordering whatever watery road he chose. . . . A barge life would have saved the search for health so far off on the Pacific, where, instead of giving way to the lotus-eating indolence of the enervating climate, he worked harder than ever he did in the bracing North.

If we accepted this view, our gratitude to the South, which we had thought of as granting him a longer spell of years and energy, would be indeed sapped.

Most of us, if we are admirers of Mr. Bridges' poetry, are hardly possessors of all his volumes; and those we own are of very various issue. The fortunate have some printed by the Daniel Press, the rest have mostly only the few late reprints published by Messrs. Bell. Now, at last, we are to have a worthy edition. Messrs. Smith, Elder, have sent out the first volume in a slightly form. It contains the sonnets on "The Growth of Love," which have only been privately circulated in England till now, but which Mr. Bridges has been driven to publish because of their being pirated in America; also the exquisite narrative poem of "Eros and Psyche," and the drama of "Prometheus the Fire-Giver." So severe and reticent a poet might be expected to "unlock his heart" in the sonnets, if anywhere; but, though these are often tender, always gentle, there is hardly so strong a rush of feeling visible in them as in the "Prometheus," a poem dedicated to the spirit of man, so passionately commemorative of human struggle and tragedy that one must needs praise it above most poems Mr. Bridges has written—as high and wise and fervent things deserve praise above colder ones of perhaps more perfect shape. It is no mere poet of the library that has written the "Tragic Hymn on the Lot of Man," with its noble and never querulous melancholy—

Or if some patient heart,
In toilsome steps of duty tread apart,
Thinking to win her peace within herself,
And thus awhile succeed;
She must see others bleed,
At others' misery moan,
And learn the common suffering is her own,
From which it is no freedom to be freed;
Nay, Nature, her best nurse,
Is tender but to breed a finer sense,
Which she may easier wound, with smart the worse
And torture more intense. O. O.



M. PADEREWSKI HAS RETURNED TO ENGLAND.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BARON A. VON MEYER-W.

THE NEW "EVERSLEY" WORDSWORTH.

MR. THOMAS HUTCHINSON, OUR GREATEST AUTHORITY UPON WORDSWORTH, DISCUSSES PROFESSOR KNIGHT'S NEW EDITION OF THE POET'S WORKS.

Professor Knight's literary diversions are not merely things of yesterday. So far back as 1878 he published a little book on "The Lake District as Interpreted in the Poems of Wordsworth." In 1882 appeared the first volume of his "monumental" edition of that poet—a frail memorial, which speedily crumbled to pieces in the searching atmosphere of impartial criticism. Since then he has stood sponsor, *inter alia*, for a

not unworthy of accomplishment. At the same time . . . to indicate the somewhat similar debts of later poets to Wordsworth . . . may not be wholly useless to posterity.

Now what (if one may venture to inquire) has posterity ever done for the Professor that he should, in her behoof, thus toilsomely range over the spacious demesnes of the poets in pursuit of that shy and elusive



THE INN IN KIRSTONE PASS: THE HIGHEST HOUSE IN ENGLAND.

volume of selections from the verse of Wordsworth, a book of prose Wordsworthiana, and a collection of letters, mainly from Southey, Coleridge, Wordsworth, and his sister Dorothy, entitled "Memorials of Coleorton." In 1896 he undertook, upon the ruins of the edition of 1882, to erect a more stable and imposing monument to the bard he worships, and of this, which is known as the "Eversley" edition, twelve volumes, amounting to four-fifths of the promised work, are in our hands. Thus, for twenty years he has been before the public in the rôle of editor, and has, indeed, by his editorial freaks, given oft occasion for friendly remonstrance and good-humoured raillery, while provoking simple folk at times to wrath and outspoken reproach. By a critic in the *Athenæum*, May 2, Dec. 26, 1896, the salient faults of his latest editorial enterprise are set forth with candour, and not unkindly or unfairly illustrated. In what I am about to say, while I cannot wholly avoid trenching upon ground previously covered, it will be my aim to deal mainly with the more recent volumes of this edition, and to select such examples and illustrations as have hitherto been passed by.

Coleridge somewhere attempts to explain the origin of moral evil from the streamy nature of association. By streamy association, he means, of course, that mechanical or automatic movement of the mind when, the will and the judgment being laid asleep, our thoughts and images flow on in an unbroken and necessary, though seemingly casual and irregular, train, each thought or image being called up by its immediate predecessor, according to the familiar law regulating the succession of

varmint, the parallel passage? One heartily wishes he had forborne this wild-goose chase, for in the course of it he has come several nasty croppers. Professor Knight's method of hunting seems to be this: he repeats a passage in Wordsworth over and over, paying no heed to the sense or connection, until the mere chime of the words mechanically calls up in his mind some passage from another poet, or from Wordsworth himself, which yields an identical or, at least, a similar suite of sounds. For example, on coming to the lines in "Strange fits of passion have I known—

Towards the roof of Lucy's cot
The moon descended still—

the chime of the last words arrests him, and he mutters, "descended still—descended still—I have it!" And down goes Arthur Hugh Clough's—

O stream descending to the sea. . . .
And houses stand on either hand,
And thou descendest still.

In like manner the line, "Rivers, and fertile plains, and *sounding shores*," automatically recalls Milton's "Ay me! while thee the *shores and sounding seas* wash far away"—and down it goes in a foot-note; though why Milton's "sounding seas" should be thought to have suggested Wordsworth's "sounding shores," it is hard indeed to see. Probably Wordsworth, who was passionately fond of Catullus, was here thinking of that poet's "*Ariadna . . . fluentis ono prospectans litore*



WORDSWORTH'S SCHOOL AT HAWKSHEAD.

our ideas. Dreaming and reverie are familiar examples of streamy association, for in them the onflow of our ideas is not curbed or deflected by the will or the watchful judgment; and its *ne plus ultra*, or "purest type," is, as Coleridge observes, delirium. Now, whether streamy association has or has not any share in the origin of moral evil, one thing is certain, that it is accountable for some of the most astounding of Professor Knight's editorial vagaries in these volumes. In the prefatory note to Vol. VIII. of the "Poems," Professor Knight observes with some complacency—

To trace parallel passages from other poets, or phrases which may have suggested to Wordsworth what he recast and glorified, has seemed to me work



CROSTHWAITE CHURCH, CONTAINING MONUMENT TO SOUTHEY, WHO IS BURIED IN THE CHURCHYARD.



WHERE WORDSWORTH LIVED AT HAWKSHEAD IN HIS SCHOOLDAYS.

Die," or else his "*litus ut longe resonante Eoa Tunditur unda*," or both. Or, again, when the Professor reads the lines—

For who what is shall measure by what seems
To be, or not to be,
Or tax high Heaven with prodigality?—

he is reminded, as anybody reading them must needs be reminded, of Hamlet's great soliloquy. To say that there is not the faintest *logical* resemblance between the two places is to insult the intelligence of the reader. Yet the inevitable foot-note appears: "'Hamlet,' Act III., Scene i., l. 56.—Ed." It would be easy, did space permit, to adduce

a score or two of similar instances. Before, however, I leave this topic I must point out one other passage where *streamy association* has betrayed the Professor into as ludicrous a mistake as ever editor blundered upon. In the fourth book of the "Excursion," during a debate on Man and Nature, the Wanderer avers that, rather than hold with the soulless materialism of the day, he would choose to share the traditionary superstitions of the ignorant rustic. To this the



DOVE COTTAGE, GRASMERE.

Solitary playfully rejoins, "How would your Scots countrymen tolerate such a sentiment—one which, if pushed to its logical extreme, would 'sow afresh the weeds of Romish phantasy, would reconsecrate our wells to good St. Fillan and to fair St. Anne, and from long banishment recall St. Giles to watch again o'er stately Edinburgh?'"

A blessed restoration!—to behold
The Patron, on the shoulders of his priests,
Once more parading through her crowded streets, &c.

Will it be believed that, when he was reading over this passage for editorial purposes, the words *St. Giles—Edinburgh—restoration* so completely overmastered Professor Knight's judgment, by force of streamy association, as to suggest to his mind that Wordsworth was here speaking of the restoration of *St. Giles's Cathedral, Edinburgh*? It is well-nigh incredible, but it is true. To the word "restoration" in the passage quoted above, he appends the following foot-note: "Now happily accomplished through the labour and the munificence of the late Dr. Chambers.—Ed." Gude guide us! St. Giles's arm-bone once more carried in procession through the streets of Auld Reekie! And this edifying revival brought about through the labour and munificence of "the late Dr. Chambers"! Why, 'tis enough to untenant the very graves, and make the sheeted dead to squeak and gibber through old Edinbro's streets!

Scant space remains wherein to point to some strange instances of editorial ignorance and ineptitude. The editor actually is unaware that Calpe was the ancient name of Gibraltar. He cannot guess what inverted commas mean (VI., 191). When the poet, in obvious reference to the songs of the Druids, says—

Not such [i.e., unclean] the initiatory strains
Committed to the silent plains
In Britain's earliest dawn:
Trembled the groves, the stars grew pale,
While all-too-glaringly the veil
Of nature was withdrawn!

the Professor-misses the mark thus: "Here the reference may be to Caedmon's *Paraphrase*!" He clearly believes the sonnet "Desponding



THE FERRY-BOAT CROSSING LAKE WINDERMERE.

Father," &c., to be an admonition to a parent grieving for the loss of a child (Compare VIII., 31, with VI., 73, and V., 130). But the crowning instance of ignorance occurs in Vol. VIII., p. 272. Here two epigrams are printed, "On 'Cain, a Mystery' Dedicated to Sir Walter Scott," and of these the first is addressed to "the Right Honourable Bard," the author. In the second epigram, 'Cain' is said to have been sent "from Venice to Sir Walter's table." And yet the editor's note runs:

"I have no knowledge of the date, or of the Bard referred to." Byron, we all knew, is no longer read nowadays, but since when has his very name been obliterated from the page of our literary history?

My room is exhausted, not my notes, for I have said nothing yet on the subject of carelessness and inaccuracy. There is unfortunately no lack of matter. The late R. P. Graves, Sub-Dean of the Chapel Royal, Dublin Castle, figures here as "the late Archdeacon of Dublin" (VIII., 90).



THE WORDSWORTH MEMORIAL FOUNTAIN ON THE GRASMERE ROAD.

Wordsworth is said to have called the Duddon diaphanous because it travels slowly. Wordsworth nowhere calls the Duddon diaphanous; nor does that "frantic Bacchanal" travel slowly anywhere except it be for a few yards on either side of Dummerdale Bridge, where the water, says Mr. Herbert Rix, is *comparatively* still. The mistaken ascription of "L'Éducation de l'Amour" to Francis Wrangham (ed. 1882), though corrected in a review of the time, and also in the *Oxford Wordsworth* (1895), was repeated *twice* in Vol. I. of this new edition. This, again, was corrected afresh in a notice of Vols. I. and II., published in the *Academy* of July 4, 1896, notwithstanding which it again occurs *twice* in Vol. VIII., pp. 209, 215. The poem "Grace Darling" and the sonnet "Said Secrecy," &c., are here printed (Vol. VIII.) among the pieces "not included in the edition of 1849-50." They are both in that edition. A foot-note belonging to the "Birth of Love" (VIII., 215) is printed on p. 309, as though it belonged to "The Eagle and Dove." This error has been copied from ed. 1882, though it was pointed out in a review years ago. The poet's letters to the Bishop of Llandaff, John Wilson, and Captain Pasley are thrice over stated to have been published by Wordsworth during his own lifetime. The two latter were first published in Bishop Wordsworth's "Memoir" of the poet, 1851; the first by Dr. Grosart in 1876. Southey is said to have written, in 1808, to his "son" Tom. He had no "son" Tom to write to! Wordsworth is said to have taken Dorothy with him on the Northern Tour of 1833, and it is noted that of this Tour "she kept no journal" ("Journals of D. W.," I., xvii.). She could hardly have kept one, as she wasn't there! &c., &c. "Ohe! jam satis est!"

Can the Ethiopian change his skin, or the leopard his spots? Then may the froward editor cease from his frowardness, and the muddler muddle no more. These twelve neat volumes do indeed constitute a new edition, "revised, corrected, and readjusted," after a fashion; they unquestionably contain a mass of new and valuable material—bibliographies by Mr. J. R. Tutin of Hull, by Professor Legouis of Lyons, by Mrs. C. M. St. John of New York—scores of references to Wordsworth's borrowings from his predecessors sent over by Mr. C. S. Hill of Bengal—



THE FERRY-BOAT LANDING AT BOWNESS, LAKE WINDERMERE.

Rawnsleian showers (cataracts!) of antiquarian and other lore from the good vicar of Crosthwaite—variorum notes and correspondence, topographical, biographical, mythological, philological, ornithological, ontological—and the like. Yet the *Everley* Wordsworth falls short of excellence, because the editor has failed in his duty—failed, that is, to sift, select, digest, redact—in a word, to *edit* the vast collection of material under his hand. "Manet rudis indigestaque moles."—THOMAS HUTCHINSON.

THE EXTRAORDINARY AMUSEMENTS OF THE EAST-END.

Managers of variety halls in the East-End of London are at their wits' end to provide programmes that appeal to the tastes of their patrons. "Turns" that would be rapturously applauded at the Oxford or Empire



A GIANT BOY.

Photo by Rumbler, Karlsruhe.

would meet with faint approval at Whitechapel or Shoreditch; and the difficulties of managers are enhanced by the fact that at least one-half of their audiences are Russian or Polish Jews unable to speak or understand English. In consequence, a certain proportion of the entertainment must be given in Yiddish.

Another difficulty that managers have to encounter is of a pecuniary



THE IRISH GIANT.

Photo by W. Greaves, Leicester.

nature. The patrons of their establishments object to pay more than sixpence at the outside, while threepence is the popular price; hence, it is obvious that large salaries cannot be paid to artists. This difficulty is got over in a striking manner: the audiences are induced to amuse themselves by entering into various competitions for small prizes! "Wonderland," a large hall in the Mile End Road, managed by Mr. I. Woolf, is the home *par excellence* of these curious competitions, and on Friday and Saturday nights some excessively comical scenes may be witnessed. For prizes, such as clocks, silver watches, accordions, and similar articles, the youths of the district have vied with each other in making horrible grimaces through the framework of a horse-collar, the prize going to the lad who made the ugliest face.

Mothers have proudly exhibited their infants to a critical audience, and the happy matron whose child took the first prize of a silver-mounted feeding-bottle was envied throughout the neighbourhood. A competition that was entered into with great gusto was one for a new washing-tub and board, open to women of all ages. The conditions were to do a certain amount of washing in a given space of time, and, curiously enough, out of thirty-six competitors, three "tied." Costers have ridden their donkeys blindfolded, and the youths and maidens of the district emulate each other in the arts of dancing and singing. The East-End is also the home of "freaks." Giants, lobster-clawed ladies,



JOINED TOGETHER.

Photo by E. W. Roberts, Cardiff.

and similar uncommon specimens of humanity are frequently on view there. Most of the persons whose photographs are reproduced were originally exhibited at "Wonderland." The Yiddish-speaking section of the community are catered for by means of "sketches" and Biblical tableaux. The "sketches" are performed in Yiddish by a Yiddish company of really talented actors and actresses. Their repertory is extensive, and comprises selections from Shakspeare down to the latest Surrey melodrama, rendered, of course, into Yiddish. The leading lady of this unique company is Madame Jane Kryzov, a powerful and cultured actress, who has gained great renown among the Jewish community all over Europe by her acting in the drama, founded on the Dreyfus scandal, which was prohibited both in Belgium and France. One of the most extraordinary performances probably ever given was a Yiddish pantomime, and it is indeed strange to hear popular ditties rendered in that uncouth and little-known tongue.

THE DEW OF TEARS.

ASCLEPIADES.

Hang there my garland, whose glowing blossoms my tear-drops bewater!
Truly the stormiest skies still are a true-lover's eyes;
Hang there over his porch, nor one floweret fruitlessly scatter,
Till he the portal ope who is my passionate hope,
Then, as he passes you by, all your petals over him shatter;
So shall his lustrous hair drink in at least my despair.

TRANSLATED BY ALFRED PERCEVAL GRAVES.

THE ART OF THE DAY.

"Raphael," by H. Knaekfuss (Professor at the Royal Academy of Arts, Cassel), is a monograph which has been translated by Mr. Campbell Dodgson (London: H. Grevel and Co.), and which contains a hundred and twenty-eight illustrations from pictures and drawings. Of course, the monograph opens with Vasari's famous but somewhat injudicious remark that Raphael "was Nature's gift to the world, when, vanquished by art in the hands of Michelangelo Buonarroti, she was willing in Raphael to be vanquished by art and manners at once." One says injudicious because the division is clearly a cross one. Michelangelo might still, in the magnificence of his achievement, include a lesser art and all the manners in the world. That, however, trenches upon forbidden ground.

It suffices to say that this monograph is an extremely handsome and adequate work. Within a short space Raphael's work is carefully

without excessive claims of one over the other. Those painter-heroes are giants indeed—Raphael, Michelangelo, Leonardo da Vinci, Titian, Correggio, and Botticelli. Mr. Rose's admiration for the second of these masters is, however, confessed and unashamed. "As painter, architect, or sculptor he has had no superior, and in his supreme mastery of the three he stands unapproached and unapproachable." Mr. Rose writes with a good deal of real distinction; but one boggles at the statement that, as the progenitor of Sir Edward Burne-Jones and Mr. Strudwick, "Botticelli must be numbered with the blest." Not for this, O King!

The picture at the Continental Gallery by Victor Mottez illustrates a characteristic incident in the life of Alcibiades, wherein the future darling of the Athenian people displayed all that wayward and headstrong impulsiveness which was to distinguish him through life. The story goes



EPISODE IN THE LIFE OF ALCIBIADES.—VICTOR MOTTEZ.

NOW ON EXHIBITION AT THE CONTINENTAL GALLERY, 175, NEW BOND STREET, W.

discussed, classified, and related to the past and to the future. His character is also thoughtfully indicated, and his career shown in its fulfilment, its aspiration, its ambition, and (last, but not least) in its curiosities. "All Rome spoke of nothing but Raphael's death. . . . The grief was universal, for everyone who came into contact with him had loved him for his amiability. The Pope wept bitterly, and the foreign ambassadors sent their masters detailed reports of the sad occurrence." He had chosen for his burial-place the Pantheon, and in that splendid temple Lorenzetto raised a monument to his memory, and Cardinal Bembo wrote a frigid epitaph. Let it be added that the reproductions published in this monograph are excellent, and that the translation is a fairly successful bit of English writing.

Dealing partly with the same subject, Mr. George B. Rose comes forward with a volume on "Renaissance Masters" (G. R. Putnam's Sons). Mr. Rose clearly states the aim of his volume. "It accepts the results of the latest criticism and is based on a loving study of works whose genuineness is established by the weight of authority." Mr. Rose, then, has made the attempt to give, as it were in a bird's-eye view, the essential characteristics of his painter-heroes, separately considered and

that Alcibiades, when a little boy, was one day playing at dice, or, more properly, knuckle-bones, with his companions in a narrow alley. It happened, just as it came to his turn to play, that a loaded waggon came up, and, as it would pass just where the die had fallen, Alcibiades called out to the driver to stop. The fellow, through churlishness, disregarded him and drove on, whereat the other children stood aside. But Alcibiades, flinging himself prone in front of the draught-animals, defiantly bade the man drive on, if he chose. At this, the driver became frightened and backed his oxen, while the onlookers ran up with terrified shouting.

In this incident one sees the boy Alcibiades the father of the man. Even when he had reached what should have been years of discretion there was no capricious whim he would not gratify. The episode M. Mottez has chosen is a tempting enough one for the artist. The irrepressible Alcibiades, by the way, once had an amusing encounter with a painter, Agatharcus, who had come between him and his mistress. His revenge was, at first, strictly utilitarian; for he shut Agatharcus up until he had decorated his house for him; then his natural generosity asserted itself, and he sent the artist away with a handsome present.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

THE MAD GODS.

BY MRS. EVAN NEPEAN.

... What would the mad gods do,
For hate with me, I wonder?
Or what for love with you?—SWINBURNE.

Percy Charrington was carried home on a hurdle with his neck broken one stormy afternoon in mid-November, having lost those who stopped to proffer assistance the best run of the season.

People shook their heads and remarked that young men from the grass counties who *will* try to fly the Essex fences can only expect broken necks as a matter of course. A fence that begins with a small ditch and a soft take-off, continues with a big built-up bank crowned by a stout-staked hazel hedge, and is concluded by a nine-foot drop into a chasm like a ready-made grave on the far side, is not the place *to fly*, as any fool should have known, and all Essex people do know.

So Percy Charrington went home on a hurdle—all of him that the startled soul left behind when it set forth on its separate journey from the bottom of that pitiless ditch; and Mrs. Charrington, five days later, sat in her widow's weeds in the lonely library and gazed across the sodden, grey garden with eyes that looked and saw not.

She had been a prisoner, and now the shackles had fallen, and behold, she was free!

Two hours before, the heavy Essex clay fell dead and solemnly upon her husband's coffin; two hours ago she turned her face from the past and faced the future—the future that five days back had never existed for her. Wherefore she sat in her library, and was calmly, steadfastly *glad*.

In having been wretched for three years, she was spared the great misery she should rightly have felt at her loneliness. At moments such as these it is permitted one to be thankful that all women do not love their husbands.

Mary Charrington was a small woman, with a slight figure, a pale face a little too long for its width, big grey eyes, and a mass of old-fashioned nut-brown hair. She was four-and-twenty, and she had never been sincerely happy in the whole of her life.

Who are we to cast a stone at her, when we realise that she came nearer to happiness on the day of her husband's funeral than ever before?

It is sinful to wish a man dead, sinful to be glad when he dies; but when that man's person has constituted a barrier between oneself and all pleasure in life, if it be sinful to rejoice at that barrier's removing, then sin such rejoicing must be, and there's an end of it!

She had married him three years before for a diversity of reasons, not for the Only One. She put all thought of that aside: she said "yes" to Mr. Charrington because he was young, and good-looking, and loved her, and proposed to her; and because she was lonely, and poor, and tired of all her surroundings, and wanted a strong arm between her and the world. Women marry for that last reason much oftener than they have any idea of.

Of course, directly she was married, she met the man she was to love, and forthwith loved him, and suffered as only these little, pale-faced, grey-eyed women can, because they have no strength to rise superior to their love, nor pride of passion ever to contemplate cutting the Gordian marriage-knot. The man's name was Jack Collingwood, and he was a barrister, who, being a brave man, ran away, and went off to try his luck at the Calcutta Bar.

Fate was kind, and let him succeed. Fate wanted to keep him away from Mrs. Charrington; and, then, one day it forgot, and let Percy come to irremediable grief out hunting, after which, having committed a blunder, it washed its hands of the whole affair, and said, "What must be, shall be!"

Fate is a fatalist.

She wrote to her lover; she told him she was free. It was not a long letter, but the whole of her life and her love and her hopes of Heaven went out to Calcutta between two pages of foreign paper.

The answer came back—the answer she expected and longed and prayed for; and Mary Charrington made her preparations, set her affairs in order, and bought her trousseau, walking in a golden world decked with purple and rose and silver—a world all fair to see, that had never before been aught but grey to her.

She sang about the big, empty house; she laughed whenever she caught her own eye in one of the many great mirrors. Once she took off the little white crêpe cap and threw it into the air. It was very bad taste on her part, but she was so happy that she had got beyond refinement.

So at the end of six months she booked her passage in the *Kandahar* to go out to him.

She said good-bye to all her friends. She smiled vaguely and irritatingly at their slightly stiff congratulations, and their half-veiled hints as to the somewhat indecent haste displayed, when Percy's body was hardly cold in the tomb. (According to circumstances some bodies retain an unnatural warmth for an extraordinary space of time.)

Mary did not care, and that is the worst of a woman. She loves one man, and kicks the rest of the world out of the door. The man forgets—the world remembers. That is the worst of a man and of the world.

She had spent four-and-twenty years in sitting by the weary wayside

watching for Happiness to come along the road. And now Happiness had hove in sight, in a distant cloud of glory, and she straightway arose to meet it, without any mock-modest delay. What did it matter? She was going away from them all for good.

A week before she sailed she received a letter from Jack Collingwood. It was longer than the last. It beat about the bush a good deal, but it left no doubt as to its ultimate intention.

When Fate makes a mistake it is apt to be spiteful. It lies low, and watches its opportunity—the opportunity for bringing its victim to grief—and then it is itself again!

Fate made Mary's lover unfaithful to her, and the letter was to break it to her as gently as possible that he had married another woman—in haste, it seemed, lest she should come out and stop him—and that there was no necessity for her to go out to Calcutta.

We are told that our Lord descended into Hell for a space. Perhaps it is merely related as a parable, showing that we may now and then be obliged to do the same.

Mary Charrington went down into Hell for that one week. At the end of it she looked facts resolutely in the face, and realised that, if she had nowhere to go, she had, at the same time, nowhere to stay. Nowhere in the world.

And out of the world—her dead husband would be waiting for her. The passage was taken on the *Kandahar*. That was the detail which proved her salvation. A first-class passage to India costs money. It would be a pity to waste it. There, again, was the woman—practical through the numbness of an appalling calamity, the loss of everything she valued. So the *Kandahar* sailed at the end of the week, and the name of Mrs. Percy Charrington figured in the passengers' list.

Fate sometimes repents, and makes what amends it can. It made honourable amend to her. The third man in her life crossed her path and linked his lines with hers on board the *Kandahar* on the voyage out. He fell in love with her at once—love that came so soon as to run a neck-and-neck race with pity.

His name was Edgar Goring, and he was a man of action, not speech, and told her that he loved her and meant to marry her.

She laughed for several minutes more than was decorous or suitable when he told her this; but he understood. Then she grew quieter, and gave him the history of the last three years, simply and truthfully.

"I am quite without hope, and I don't see there is anything left to me, Mr. Goring," she said. "You are more than good, but I am an old woman. I have got through the best of my life. I cannot marry you, feeling as I do."

"Oh yes, you can," said Edgar Goring.

"Very well," she said, giving in from sheer inability to resist; "you must take the risk, and you have got a very, very bad bargain."

She gave him a limp, nerveless hand, and looked into his resolute eyes with a watery little smile.

He kissed the hand, and then he kissed her.

"I take the risk," he said. "I mean to marry you, and make you forget. I mean to make you love me, by Heaven!"

He did all three things.

And this is a true story, so I will not apologise for its glaring improbabilities.

Her husband is younger, and nicer-looking, and richer than Percy Charrington; more charming and more successful than Jack Collingwood, and she loves him far better, *and knows it*.

A woman is anointed with the oil of gladness above her fellows when Fate bestows upon her a full love and a fuller knowledge of what that love can be to her, bringing her, as it brought Mary Goring, through fire and water, into the ultimate haven of a wealthy place.

"THE BADGER."

In this brightly written and entertaining little book (Lawrence and Bullen) Mr. Alfred Pease renders unto the badger a measure of the justice which has so long been withheld from him. The popular idea of the badger is an evil-smelling beast of crepuscular habit whose undesired presence has become mercifully rare since the "sport" of badger-drawing was relegated to the limbo of old barbarities. Like many other popular notions, this is erroneous; nocturnal the animal certainly is, but his underground residence, from a sanitary point of view, compares favourably with the earth of a fox, and the crimes committed by the badger are insignificant. His natural shyness may be overcome by kindly treatment, and when taken young he makes a delightful pet. In many parts of England the species is still plentiful, and, if the habits of this singularly interesting beast were more generally understood, there seems no reason why he should not be made more generally welcome. He does not always dwell on terms of amity with the fox, but, curiously enough, Mr. Pease has found that there is no more certain method of inducing foxes to reside in any given covert than by getting badgers to make earths in it: doubtless the superior mining powers of the badger save the foxes trouble. Anyone who wishes to understand the character of the British representative of the bear tribe cannot do better than study Mr. Pease's monograph, the sympathetic work of one who has obtained his knowledge by personal observation.

ARTISTS IN ICE AND SUGAR

From Photographs by Reginald H. Cocks.

A distinguished orator and writer once gave utterance to the following terse definition of an artist—

"The real artist is one who puts a generous deceit on the spectators, and effects the noblest designs by the easiest methods," and, if this is



FIRST PRIZE AT THE PARIS COOKERY EXHIBITION.

true in application to "brothers of the brush," it may be taken as equally true of anyone who wields some instrument for the gratification of others—that is to say, so far as rational and moral enjoyment is concerned. That which pleases the eye under the conditions already remarked may be taken as the work of an artist, however simple his designs or motives, so long as they are of the right order.

The two artists with whom this article is concerned stand alone by way of the unique branch of the profession which they rightly claim their own. It was only at that Gargantuan establishment, the Hotel Cecil, where till quite recently both these skilled modellers and their working were to be seen, but within the last few days M. H. Ammann has left the Cecil to start work in Berlin. I was fortunate in finding some of this artist's best work still awaiting removal, for as an artist in sugar he need fear no rival. We might almost expect to find more of this class of work on the Continent—in Paris, for instance, seeing that "Il n'y a que Paris," where all that pleases may be said to be found in inimitable variety. However, as it happens, there is practically nothing of this art to be seen practised anywhere abroad—at least, not to the extent which it is gradually gaining in our own country.

M. Ammann, needless to say, has carried away "firsts" and medals wherever he chose to exhibit his exquisite work. The illustration depicts the show-case just as it was when it scored its first prize for M. Ammann at the Paris Cookery Exhibition. Since then, 1894, these hermetically



SOME ICE ORNAMENTS.

sealed sugar models have followed the steps of their gifted designer. Everything that we observe in the case is made entirely from edible sugar, whether it be the rich down of the swan in the background or the delightful satin bows and ribbons.

Those of us who have attended large banquets at the Hotel Cecil may

remember to have seen those models serving some useful purpose besides constituting unique decorations for table. Some of the baskets would be piled up with bonbons, while the more substantial designs formed receptacles for dessert. The lovely tints and shades noticeable in each model are entirely produced by ordinary colouring matter, such as is found in any culinary establishment, and yet so soon as exposed to daylight these tints are quite lost, the electric-light being responsible for a good deal of the effective deception rendered in this particular. Water and glucose form the principal constituents, while the instruments to build up the whole are simply M. Ammann's dexterous fingers and a pair of common scissors. Exposure to air quickly causes the sugar to decompose, and consequently, unless preserved in air-tight chambers, the models deteriorate, and will only last out or do duty for one evening's banquet. The greatest number that M. Ammann has turned out in a day—that is, of sugar baskets—has been forty-five, but the ordinary output would be about five baskets per hour, or one very elaborate design, such as the swan in the picture, in the same period. For eight years has this artist followed (or rather, led) this calling, spending three years in Paris, two in Switzerland, and three in London. He has now gone to show his skill elsewhere, as already stated; but one thing is sure, and that is—his tasty talent will be missed by many distinguished diners-out at the Cecil.

Mr. Charles Albert Tallet is as obliging as he is talented, and that is saying a very great deal: You will find this artist also at the Hotel Cecil, where he always keeps cool, whatever the exigencies which press him and severely test his genius. Mr. Tallet, in short, is always at work in the ice department, of which he holds the distinguished position of *chef*. The ice-safes, which are to be found in the neighbourhood of Mr. Tallet's department, are well worth seeing. White, sparkling frost several inches thick completely covers the safes, while the spacious cellar is thickly padded from floor to ceiling.

These ice carvings resemble the work of a sculptor, except that carving in ice is a far more difficult task than in stone, and for these reasons—ice chips so easily, and a flaw in the material may spoil the whole effect. Again, by the time the bottom part of a model is completed, the top may have melted and diminished out of all proportion or recognition. Thus, the work has to be done quickly, and all, as it were, at the same time, top and bottom. Every design is carved out of the solid block-ice, and finished off by hot irons, to give that excellent polish and to render the whole smooth and perfect. These, as in the case of the sugar ornaments, are used for table, and, while they too serve the purpose of useful receptacles for ices, fruit, and other dainties, they have the most excellent effect of lowering the temperature of the room. The models themselves are placed in plush stands and lit up within the centre by a small glow electric-lamp. The effect is, it may be at once said, very charming and refreshing. Daylight, of course, does not show these to advantage either.

One or two confectioners attempt this class of artistic embellishment on a much smaller scale, but nowhere do we find the variety and scale of subjects as turned out by Mr. Tallet's deft hands. Apart from stumps of trees with birds perching thereon (these birds are not carved from the one solid block, but fixed on at the finish by a mysterious paste of which the composition is a profound secret), you may find a realistic glassy elephant facing you at table, with panniers slung crosswise containing tangerines cut in the shape of baskets holding sweetmeats or some delicacy. The stately swan may grow gradually but beautifully less before your very eyes, yet nevertheless you might almost imagine that he is gliding—

On still St. Mary's lake,
Floating double, swan and shadow.

But Mr. Tallet's skill is sorely tested sometimes. For instance, it may be for some railway-directors' banquet that he is required to produce a suitable effigy in ice. But he is never found wanting—he is equal to any occasion; on short notice, with nothing to guide his fingers, a "light" railway-engine will appear at the appointed time on the table ready to fulfil its radiant mission by way of bearing a freight of seasonable comestibles. And so there is no limit to Mr. Tallet's resources for models in ice so long as the ice is reliable. The technical term for this work is "Socle en glace," and, while the most elaborate of the sugar models may be worth from ten shillings to about £3, these in ice work out at rather more. The larger of them will last for about four hours; and weigh as much at their creation as from sixteen to twenty pounds.

R. H. COCKS.



A SWAN IN ICE.

ARE WE TO HAVE A MUNICIPAL THEATRE?

Who would have dared to propose a Municipal Theatre ten years ago? And yet to-day, despite the narrow-mindedness which forbids Sunday concerts, the subject is freely discussed, and has even been brought before the London County Council in serious fashion. Nay, more; quite

detail with which he deals, he is eminently readable—a pleasing and unexpected result in a technical work.

The book is embellished with many large plates and a number of diagrams which make it apparent that, in the matter of noble buildings for



ITALY—PALERMO MUNICIPAL THEATRE.



GERMANY—FRANKFORT MUNICIPAL THEATRE.

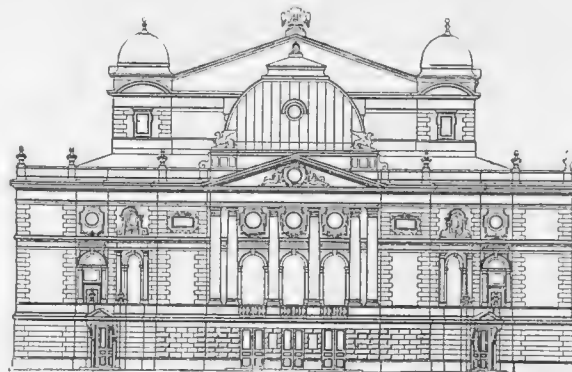
half-a-dozen authorities in the provinces are dealing with the matter. As the drama in England has been so greatly neglected by the State as well as by the municipal magnates, we are compelled to go to the Continent for object-lessons, for examples as to what we should do and what we should avoid. Seeing that careful reference and much study are necessary before we can properly consider the question, the publication of the third and concluding volume of Mr. Edwin O. Sachs' monumental work, "Modern Opera Houses and Theatres," is most opportune. The book is bound to become the standard work on theatre architecture, as well as one of reference of the highest general interest to all who have at heart the real interest of the dramatic and lyric stages. Perfectly printed and beautifully bound, with thousands of illustrations, it forms an encyclopædia of everything relating to the playhouse, from the auspices under which it is inaugurated and financed, to the smallest details of management. The accompanying pictures are all taken from it.

Mr. Sachs gives a prominent place to the Municipal Theatre, from the establishment which is owned and run by the City Fathers to that which enjoys only a portion of their money and encouragement. He discusses the *bond-fide* Municipal playhouse, the subscription theatre to which the ratepayers contribute; the endowed theatre, to which the civic authorities have, perhaps, granted a piece of land; and the private theatre, which annually cashes a municipal cheque. The variations are innumerable; the methods of management, either directly or indirectly, or through lessees, are most varied. But our author, who knows his subject with a thoroughness which is enviable, picks his way lightly through every intricacy. He classifies his theatres, gives particulars as to staff, shows balance-sheets, and says everything that is worth saying as to the management of public entertainments of all kinds, from grand opera to the music-hall. Moreover, despite the immense amount of

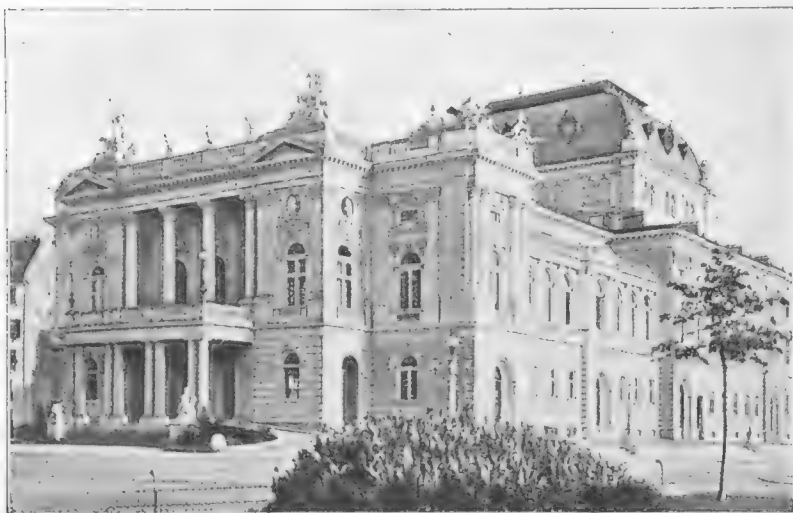
the housing of the drama and music, we in England are far behind many of the small towns of the Continent. The magnificent opera-houses of Paris and Vienna are well-known examples, and Frankfort has its great Municipal Opera House, for which a sum of £50,000 was voluntarily subscribed before the municipality was even approached. Fancy that in England! Palermo, in Italy, and Zürich, in Switzerland, have their Municipal Theatres, inaugurated under similar auspices. Again, the City Theatre at Geneva owes its existence to the enterprise of some of its citizens, while distant Irkutsk, the capital of "barbaric" Siberia, boasts a Municipal Theatre which would be a credit to London; and Irkutsk has a population of only thirty thousand, and we have five millions.

In regard to existing West-End theatres, Mr. Sachs gives the pride of place to Her Majesty's and Daly's, and to the Palace Theatre of Varieties, which, so far as the stalls are on a level with the street, is built on the American plan. Speaking generally, he has no great opinion of the London theatre. The beautiful illustrations are well and pleasantly described by Mr. Sachs, while the more technical questions, such as stage mechanism, the legislation of theatres, and theatre-fires, are amply dealt with in supplements. Admirably arranged in every particular, these volumes are evidently the outcome of a labour of love. But they are also the result of the work and experience of a thoroughly practical man, who proves his facts by absolute knowledge, and who, in addition to being a veritable encyclopædia on the subject, has that personal experience which prevents him from being merely academic. There is no lack of enthusiasm in Mr. Sachs' work, but it is that of a practical man with high ideals. He speaks as an architect, in the best sense, and as an artist; but, nevertheless, as business-man who knows his £ s. d. and is not afraid to take off his coat. And this is exactly what is wanted for the Municipal Theatre.

A. B.



SIBERIA—IRKUTSK MUNICIPAL THEATRE.



SWITZERLAND—ZÜRICH MUNICIPAL THEATRE.



SWITZERLAND—GENEVA MUNICIPAL THEATRE.

AMERICA AS A FACTOR AMONG THE NATIONS.



"THE TWO GREAT MISSIONERS OF CIVILISATION," ACCORDING TO THE NEW YORK "JUDGE."



"A THANKSGIVING TOAST," AS CONCEIVED BY THE NEW YORK "PUCK."

PUCK: GENTLEMEN, YOUR HEALTH! I AM GLAD TO SEE FROM YOUR BEAMING FACES THAT YOU SHARE THE HIGH ASPIRATIONS OF OUR FRIEND THE CZAR FOR UNIVERSAL PEACE. HERE'S TO YOU ALL!

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MRS. E. K. JOHNSON: HER PICTURE GALLERY.

Mrs. E. K. Johnson is a wise woman. When casting about for a profession likely to prove financially successful, she determined to avoid the beaten track trodden by her sister pilgrims, and to diverge into a side-path. Accordingly, to-day we find her acting as an agent for the sale of pictures—an occupation unique, I believe, among Englishwomen.



MRS. E. K. JOHNSON.

Photo by Mendelssohn, Pembroke Crescent, W.

Mrs. Johnson was put through her professional paces, so to say, on Dec. 1, for on that day she held her first "At Home" at 12, Ladbroke Grove, W. Then it was that friends and visitors, purchasers and sightseers, gathered in large numbers in response to her invitation-card—

To view a collection of pictures by L. Alma-Tadema, R.A.; Mrs. Allingham, R.W.S.; Sir E. Burne-Jones, Bart.; Frank Dicksee, R.A.; Luke Fildes, R.A.; Birket Foster, R.W.S.; Professor Herkomer, R.A.; Carl Haag, R.W.S.; Sir F. Seymour Haden, Charles Hallé, Alfred Hunt, R.W.S.; Saint-Jean, E. K. Johnson, R.W.S.; Charles Keene; David Murray, R.A.; Mortimer Menpes, Herbert Marshall, R.W.S.; Paul Naffel, R.W.S.; Sir Edward Poynter, P.R.A.; Alfred Parsons, A.R.A.; Sir Francis Powell, P.R.S.W.S.; Sir W. B. Richmond, K.C.B., R.A.; D. G. Rossetti, J. J. Shannon, A.R.A.; G. F. Watts, R.A.; Ernest Waterlow, P.R.W.S.; J. MacWhirter, R.A.; J. A. McNeil Whistler. Enamels by Miss Hallé. Original drawings by Raphael, Correggio, Guercino, Mantegna, and others. Etchings and engravings by Albert Dürer and others.

From this card it will be noted that Mrs. Johnson's new enterprise was not launched into publicity without an array of distinguished names. Many of the above painters were personal friends and colleagues of her husband, the late Mr. E. K. Johnson. Hence the very choice collection of pictures. Mr. Johnson was, it may be remembered, an artist of some distinction, and a member of the Old Water-Colour Society, at 5, Pall Mall. He died about three years ago, leaving Mrs. Johnson with two sons and a daughter. This picture agency was suggested to her two years ago by Burne-Jones.

Mrs. Johnson regards her work as business, and herein she is to be commended. As we have seen, she gets the pictures direct from the artists. She sells them on a commission of ten per cent. In this sense, therefore, she is a picture-dealer; but she does not at present "buy up" pictures to sell again. This development will, no doubt, follow as the business extends. We shall then have the full-blown dealer in petticoats. Meanwhile, patience and courage.

There is no charge for admission to Mrs. Johnson's Gallery; thus, it differs from the Bond Street variety. The pictures may be seen every week-day between eleven and six o'clock. During these hours the proprietor will be on the spot to receive visitors and to transact business.

The arrangement of the pictures at 12, Ladbroke Grove, is admirable. The light is good—subdued by muslin curtains, yet sufficient for every picture to be seen properly. The wall-paper also greatly pleased me; it is of a dull sage-green shade, very restful to the eyes as well as an effective background for the pictures, which are hung low. Manifestly, Mrs. Johnson has the true feeling for Art, although not an artist in the ordinary sense of the word.

Some of the work exhibited is extremely interesting. There are no less than seven specimens of Burne-Jones's work, one of which, a round drawing in red chalk, is specially noteworthy (price £100). Frank Dicksee is worthily represented by "Misthoe, in Devon" (£70); there are eleven etchings by Whistler which should certainly be seen; also a dry-point. An original drawing for *Punch*, by Charles Keene, should be noted; Waterlow's "Autumn, a Somersetshire Cottage," is strong; Saint-Jean's still life, "Fruit" (£600), is excellent. Mrs. Johnson sold seven pictures on the opening day, besides two enamels and various Christmas-cards. This was not a bad beginning. She has some very rich "prayer-carpets," china, bronzes, &c., among her curios.—E. M. E.

KING ARTHUR.

There are few, I suppose, that have not heard of King Arthur's Round Table, which, history informs us, was preserved at Winchester, and shown by Henry VIII. to Francis I. of France. There are few also that have not read the immortal poems of our late Poet Laureate, showing Arthur to have been one of the noblest and greatest of our hero-kings and conquerors. But there are comparatively fewer still who have had the pleasure of seeing the magnificent effigy in bronze erected to his memory in the Hofkirche, at Innsbruck, of which an illustration is here given.

The church was built in compliance with the will of the Emperor Maximilian I., A.D. 1558-69: His own imposing and splendid monument stands in the centre of the nave, and on each side, like a guard of honour, a row of colossal figures in bronze, both male and female. Some are in armour of various types, and the women in quaint but gorgeous attire, according to the time in which they lived. There are no less than twenty-eight of these noble or royal personages, representing the Emperor's ancestors, contemporaries, or others. That of our own King Arthur and two others are attributed to the famous Peter Vischer, of Nuremberg, and in Arthur we see the most noble and majestic figure of the series. The faces and forms of these august personages are said to be exact representations, and one could not fail to be impressed with this idea from the strongly marked and peculiar cast of features, the expression, and the attitude, which give a striking individuality to so many among them.

King Arthur is given a place of special distinction, standing at the head of the fourteen statues to the left, as the spectator faces the High Altar. This wonderful group—including the Emperor himself, in bronze, kneeling on a large marble sarcophagus in the centre—was not completed till the year 1593, under the Archduke Ferdinand, although it was commenced in 1509. Round the sarcophagus there are twenty-four reliefs in marble, in which the chief events of the Emperor's life are recorded. With reference to these, Thorwaldsen stated that they were the most perfect works of their kind.

S. F. A. C.



STATUE OF KING ARTHUR IN INNSBRUCK CATHEDRAL.

ODDS AND ENDS FROM THE PLAYHOUSES.

One of the best musical interludes in town is that given at the Palace Theatre by the fine orchestra under Mr. Alfred Plumpton's



MR. ALFRED PLUMPTON.

Photo by Hanna, Bedford Street, Strand.



MISS MADGE ROSSSELL.

Photo by Lafosse, Clifton.

direction. Mr. Plumpton is not only a clever conductor, he also writes music, for he composed that for the *Tableaux Vivants* and the *Biograph*. Mr. Plumpton, I believe, was the man who discovered Madame Melba and trained her voice in Australia.

Miss Madge Russell, who is appearing in "A Greek Slave," at Daly's Theatre, has toured extensively in Australia, where she was a member of Mr. George Edwardes' Gaiety Company in 1895. Miss Russell had some interesting adventures, particularly one with a madwoman, which she recounts with considerable vivacity and point.

At last Mr. Tom Gallon's delightful novel, "Tatterley," has been dramatised, and by Mr. Arthur Shirley, and it has been given the very best send-off possible in casting, dressing, and staging by Mr. Charles Cartwright, the interest in the production being much increased by it being the first important appearance of his daughter, Miss Edith Morley, who is the Ella Tarrant. Mr. Cartwright has but just returned from an extensive and very successful Australian tour, and, after giving Mr. Gallon's Dickensian comedy its preliminary canter at Southampton, he purposes bringing it to town. Mr. Cartwright made his debut, now twenty-four years ago, at Exeter in a small stock company, and with them did much good and useful work before coming to the Aquarium Theatre at Westminster to support Miss Jennie Lee in "Jo." Then he returned to stock companies, and in 1877-78 played at the Lyceum, and the following year went to India, returning in 1881 to support Creswick at the Surrey Theatre. A little later he came west to the Princess's to play with Edwin Booth, and, after testing almost every London theatre of any importance, he made his first journey to the Antipodes. There he remained for two years, and on his return, in 1891, went to the Adelphi, and then to Drury Lane, the Haymarket, and other theatres, after which he took the Duke of York's in partnership with Mr. Henry Dana, and later on acted for a season at the Shaftesbury, as well as producing many other plays, before starting on another voyage to the other side of the world.

Miss Edith Morley—for Morley is Mr. Cartwright's real name—was born in London, and after a somewhat peripatetic education at various

convents and schools, the last being Queen's College, Harley Street, "finished" in Dresden, and now speaks both French and German as well as English, and has a fair knowledge of Italian. Miss Morley's mother was well known on the stage before her marriage, her professional name being Lyons. Wishing to test her ability, Miss Morley "walked on" at Her Majesty's when only seventeen in "The Silver Key," "Katharine and Petruchio," and "A Man's Shadow," after which her father decided to take her with him to Australia, and, after playing the servant in "The Tree of Knowledge," Maud Chandler in "The Middleman," Kate Merryweather in "The Idler," and Viola in "Moths," she created the rôle of La Comtesse de Candale in "A Marriage of Convenience" for the Australian public, and in the part created quite a furore.

The late Arthur Stirling, who has just passed away, after a long illness, at the age of three-score-years-and-ten, was a sound actor and elocutionist little known to present-day playgoers, but connected with many an eminent actor, many a triumphant success in the history of the stage. For many years he occupied a leading position at the theatres at Bath and Bristol, where he was an extraordinary favourite. It was during Miss Herbert's tenancy of the then unfortunate St. James's Theatre that Arthur Stirling first came to London, and, in the part of Philip Austin in a play rejoicing in the name of "Dark Cloud," made his mark. It was in company with such artists as Walter Lacey and Mr. and Mrs. Frank Matthews that Mr. Stirling appeared, and it may be remembered with interest that towards the close of Miss Herbert's tenancy of the St. James's, Henry Irving made his first appearance in London as Doricourt in "The Belle's Stratagem." After having appeared with success at many London theatres, Mr. Stirling made considerable impression at the production of "The Omadhaun" at the

Queen's Theatre, Long Acre, in November 1877. I do not think I had seen Mr. Stirling since 1888, when he played Jaques very excellently in Miss Wallis's ill-fated revival of "As You Like It," at the Shaftesbury.

I remember Miss Clara Denman's first appearance in the ill-fated Nelson play at the Avenue. Since then she has not been idle, having played Shakspeare, Pinero, and Jones.

"Cyrano de Bric-à-Brac" is the rather ugly title of a travesty of M. Rostand's famous romantic drama that has lately been introduced into a burlesque running in New York.

Here is an amusing—and true—anecdote of a certain music-hall "star" whose stage-name is French and whose special line is *chic* songs delivered in charming broken English, though she is, I believe, the granddaughter of an English lady of title and has as much French blood in her veins as I have. The "star" was introduced to a lady friend of mine, a Frenchwoman long resident in England, who speaks English with absolute purity. "Ah! Madame," said the "star," "you must forgive me if I do not follow you precisely; I am so not at home in ze English"; and my friend, to put her quite at her ease, entreated her in the finest Parisian French not to trouble herself, but to chat in her native language. Alas! the fix was a worse one than ever, for the French of the pseudo-French "star" is that of Stratford-at-Bowe, or perhaps a trifle worse!

Here is a good "cello" story told by that master of his art, Auguste Van Biene: "Some years ago I played before our late King of Holland, William III. After I had finished he sent for me and said: 'You have given me infinite delight. I have heard all the great cellists in the world (I bowed); I have heard Piatti (another bow from me), Gervais (bow again), Davedoff ('Oh, your Majesty, thanks,' and more bows from me); but of all the great cellists, you (profuse bowing) certainly perspire the most.' Exit Van Biene."

According to the American papers, there was quite a romance attaching to the recent marriage of Mr. Leo Stern, the violoncellist, and Miss Suzanne Adams, the soprano, from Cambridge, United States, who was so successful at Covent Garden last season. It appears to have been a case of love at first sight, with the power of music on the side of the wooer.



MISS CLARA DENMAN IN "THE LIARS."

Photo by Sarony, Scarborough.



MISS EDITH MORLEY AND HER FATHER, MR. CHARLES CARTWRIGHT.

Photo by Talma, Melbourne.



Photo by Falk, Sydney.

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

LACROSSE.

Lacrosse has invaded South Africa, and here is a picture of the members of the first club started there. It has been formed by Mr. S. B. Cheetham, who was a member of the Stockport Lacrosse Club



THE FIRST LACROSSE CLUB EVER STARTED IN SOUTH AFRICA.
Photo by Hayotte, Durban

almost from its beginning, over twenty years ago, until '85, when he went out to South Africa. He tried to form a club in Ladysmith, Natal, but without success. He has now managed to start one in Durban.

RACING NOTES.

The entries for the Spring Handicaps close on the first Tuesday in January, so we have not long to wait for future-event material to discuss. The four-year-olds and older horses can be relied on to show fairly consistent form, but the three-year-olds will take some sorting, as the running in the Nursery Handicaps this autumn showed. I saw one or two young horses running at the back-end meetings that were, according to rumour, qualifying for the spring, and, if we are to get good racing, the handicappers must weight the younger animals on their best and not on their worst running. We always know where to find an animal of Eager's age and form in a handicap, and, when it comes to hunting for some of the younger horses, we cannot tell with confidence whether they will get 6 st. or 7 st. 6 lb.

The winter favourite for the Derby will, seemingly, take some finding this year, and bookmakers are not at all anxious to lay anything for the Blue Riband of '99. It may be that presently the best three-year-old at Kingsclere will have been discovered. At present nobody seems to be able even to guess at the one, and I am not likely for some time to forget the mistake that was made in gauging the relative merits of Orme and La Flèche, nor the mistake that was made when Sainfoin was sold out of the stable only to canter home in the Derby for Sir James Miller. Anyway, the Kingsclere best is very likely to win the Derby next year.

Racing men work at very high pressure, and I regret to hear that one or two good sportsmen are laid low at the present time suffering from paralysis of the brain. As I have many times before hinted, to stand the wear and tear of a racing man's life it is absolutely necessary to practise strict temperance and get to bed early each night. The excitement of the constant watching of races, to say nothing of continual travelling, calls for the only antidotes, moderation in eating and drinking and plenty of rest. I fear many men indulge in card-playing when they should be in their beds, and the result is an early breakdown. I should, however, add, by way of explanation, that the invalids referred to above were moderate livers, and that their ailments were not brought about by excesses of any sort.

Cruelty in our racing stables must be put a stop to once and for all. I have received of late many stories of boys having been cruelly ill-treated in the past by head lads who looked upon it as being the proper thing to "lather the youngsters into shape by the aid of a thick stick." Any apprentice or stable-lad who has been ill-treated has only to report his case to the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children to get his assailants well punished, and this fact cannot be too widely known. A head lad has no right whatever to strike a boy under his charge. If he does so, he ought to be prosecuted.

Unless I am very much mistaken, the coupon craze will grow until it has become a very big thing indeed. Up to now the public have not tired in the least of skill competitions, and I hear of huge sums being raked in by those offering substantial prizes for the finding of winners. When the proprietors of certain sporting papers adopted the 'cute idea of

announcing that "the full prize-money must be won," and giving it away each week to those who got nearest to the correct results, they tapped a gold-mine. Indeed, I am told that by one post there came to a certain office eighteen thousand letters containing Postal Orders, and this is a fair average of what goes on each week. Truly, skill contests are good investments.

Some cross-country jockeys who a very few years back carried all before them now seldom get a mount because they are not popular. Perhaps owners have found that information which should have been kept for the stable was imparted to the sharps, who made haste to benefit by the same. Jockeys, more especially cross-country jockeys, should steer clear of those hangers-on of the Turf who trade on the ignorance of our jockeys and flatter them up to the skies only to extract the secrets of their profession from them. I could name half-a-dozen jockeys who prospered right up to the day when they began to mix with the sharps, when their real patrons gradually deserted them. It is passing strange that some professional riders cannot see this.

And now for a word or two about flat-race jockeys. Some of the form during the season of '98 gave a shock to students of the book, and it may be that a jockey-ring was at work. Anyway, I am told that one or two of the professional layers are guided in their investments by certain jockeys, who will most certainly be sent into compulsory retirement if they are found out, and it can be taken for granted that the next professional who is warned off for breaking the laws of the Jockey Club will never be allowed to come back again. I am told of a case where a jockey was put on a large amount to nothing in a big race last year, and even then the trainer who engaged him was all the time fearing lest something should happen in the race to prevent the horse from winning.

I should like to draw attention to an interesting book of the season, Mrs. Buckman-Linard's "My Horse: My Love," which Mr. Unwin has published. The author is an American, and the first half of the book was published in America six years ago. It consists of a long interview with a Polish Count, who was a sort of "vet.," and is taken up mostly with Arabs. The second part is Mrs. Buckman-Linard's own experiences in England, and is full of interest for racing enthusiasts. She has a high opinion of Mr. Wilfrid Blunt's stud. It is curious that the Count's opinion of the Suffolk "as the grandest and by far the best heavy draught-horse in the world" should be republished at the time when Sir Cuthbert Quilter is rubbing his hands over the success of the Suffolk Horse Society, which he has just founded. An instructive article on the Suffolk appears in the new issue of the *Live Stock Journal Almanac*, which is always interesting. Sir Walter Gilbey deals with the horse in history, Mr. C. B. Pitman writes on Thoroughbreds, Mr. Euren on Hackneys, and there is the usual set of summaries of 1898.

CAPTAIN COE.

Mr. Marsh's stables at Egerton House are described in the current number of the *Idler*.

Mr. G. O. Smith has written a penny Guide to Football for Messrs. Ward, Lock, and Co. Within its sixty pages it contains a great deal of information.

Here is a picture of a battue held recently at Torre del Sago, near Viareggio, Italy. This lake is the property of the Marchesa Ginori, who gives permission once in the month of November, on payment of five francs for each boat, to one sportsman and his keeper to shoot the



BATTUE ON AN ITALIAN LAKE.

teal, of which there are between four and five thousand. The boats leave from three different points on the lake, as many as two hundred and fifty taking part in the day's sport. Each sportsman carries two guns, which are fired rapidly in succession. People arrive from all the surrounding towns of Rome, Florence, Genoa, &c., for this battue.

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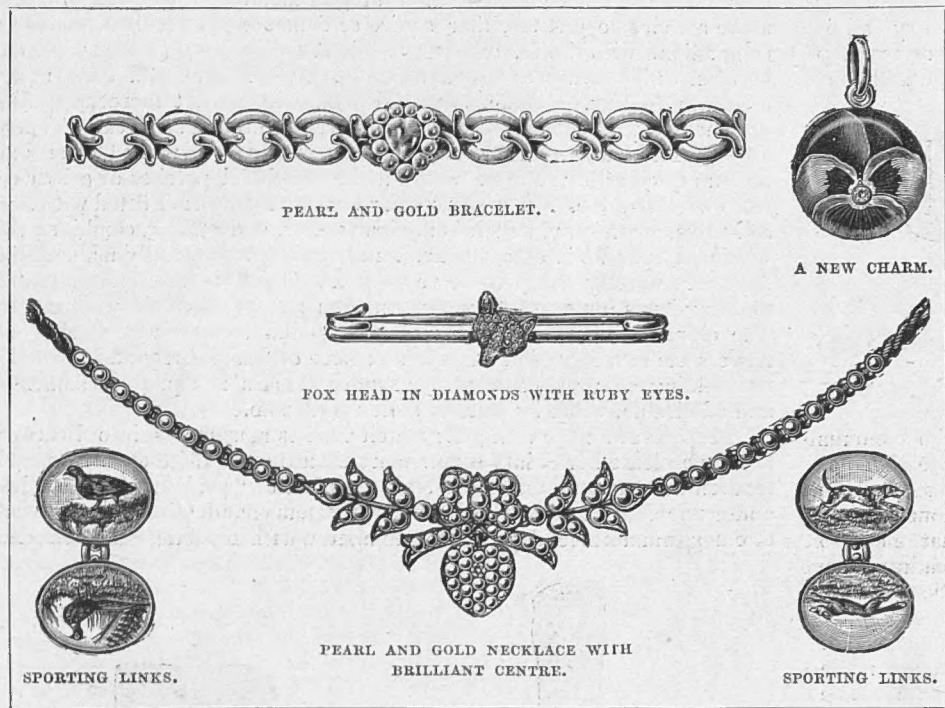
interesting experimental tricks which are simple to perform, and are absolutely free from danger, the electricity can be only produced while the working of this charming little machine is in progress. The illustration, showing the outer kernel of an extremely clever toy, yet

and lace-inlet table-centre is here illustrated, so also one of the Irish hand-embroidered handkerchiefs which have been so admired, but so difficult to purchase until Robinson and Cleaver domesticated them in our midst. This special pattern is called the "Rose, Shamrock, and Thistle"; it is a very favourite design; its price, only twelve-and-sixpence, is quite moderate, and on both accounts it would be exceedingly appropriate as a Christmas gift. For all kinds of special embroidery, such as crests or coats-of-arms, this firm remains unapproachably excellent, since all its work is done in Ireland.

Mappin and Webb, on whose silver-ware, both ornamental and domestic, I made some well-deserved comment in last week's number, have, in recent years, added a jewellery department to their many. Those, therefore, who make an accustomed journey to this famous shop for table, toilet, or other silver as Christmas draws near, may fittingly halt where a splendid display of jewels attracts the attention.

Tiaras, necklaces, brooches, and trinkets variously are laid out for inspection of noticeably fine stones and original design. Several articles which recommend themselves as being particularly suitable as Christmas gifts and of moderate price are illustrated here; there is also a shamrock brooch, rimmed in fine green enamel with diamonds of the first water, forming a lace-like pattern and with a single pearl as centre. Among the large choice in charms for neck, watch-chain, or bangle, which are now so fashionable, a gold-wire basket which when opened discloses "twin kittens" in enamel and gold is a notable specimen. These sporting sleeve-links would be warmly welcomed by a favourite member of male gender; and there are pins, studs, and other charming trinkets variously which will well repay looking over.

As familiar to Cheapside as the famous elm-tree—or is it a sycamore?—at the top of Wood Street is Sir John Bennett's world-renowned firm, whose clocks and watches count the hours in every corner of the civilised world—and correctly too, which is more than can be said of all other timekeepers. The Admiralty, the Board of Trade, the very Government itself, has its paces regulated by "Horologist, London," as Sir John Bennett's

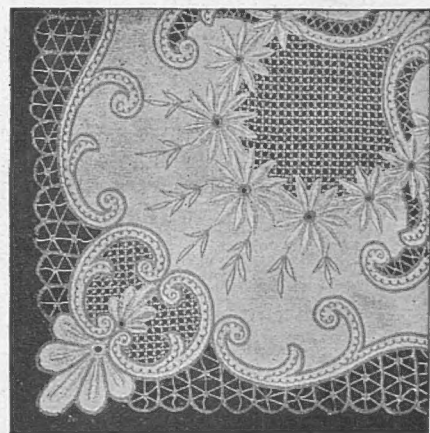


NOVELTIES AT MAPPIN AND WEBB'S.

can give little idea of its really astonishing capabilities for both amusement and instruction. Its possession should add infinitely to the pleasurable excitement of any Christmas gathering; and, as a gathering inevitably means feasting as well at this hospitable moment, it may not be inappropriate to refer to the time-honoured attractions of turtle-soup, which, once the pet privilege and *bonne-bouche* of aldermanic banquets, now is brought within the reach of all and sundry good Britons since Messrs. Bellis began to put up calipash and calipee in their carefully prepared tins. As a thoughtful present to an invalid, moreover, Bellis's Real Turtle-Soup would, no doubt, meet with grateful appreciation at Christmas. One dozen half-pint tins can be had for thirty-six shillings, or the same number of glass bottles, in which a very delicious turtle-jelly is put up, for twenty-four shillings.

To replenish the dower-chest or add to its glories of fine linen and lace will always remain a joy to the Eternal Feminine, even in these days when the gentle arts of weaving, or, as a matter of fact, sewing, are no longer a beloved occupation of *châtelaine* or housewife. These things are, indeed, much better done for us than we ourselves could do them, particularly when left in the hands of such old-established manufacturers as Robinson and Cleaver, who have recently, and with conspicuous success, established a Regent Street branch in our midst from the parent house in Belfast. To see the heaped-up piles of embroidered and lace-trimmed pocket-handkerchiefs, pillow-covers, bed-spreads, tea-cloths, and other prettinesses variously, makes one long to send every acquaintance even unto the fourth generation a Christmas gift, did only one's heavily taxed purse hold out. But, as a matter of fact, Messrs. Robinson and Cleaver's prices are so absolutely moderate that it is by no means difficult to be at once economical and magnificent together when dealing with them. A richly embroidered

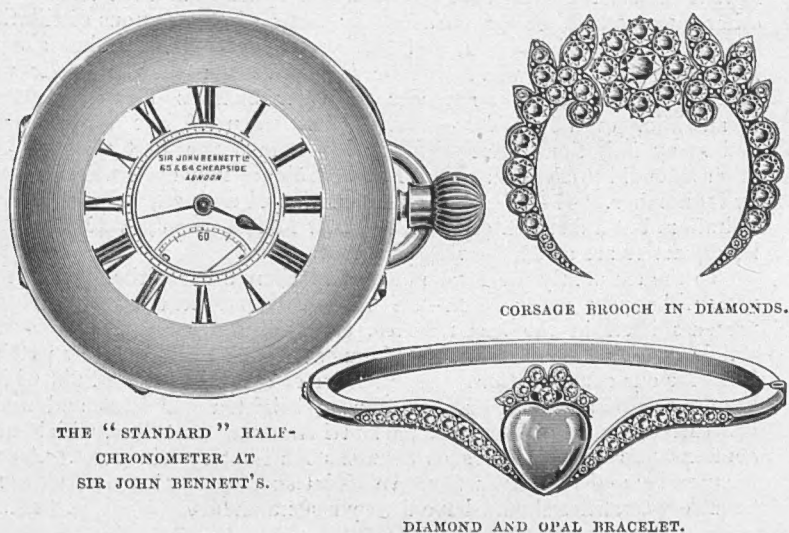
telegraphic address has been aptly registered, while the stock of diamonds and jewels generally which are also on view at the sign of this famous watchmaker enhance by the purity of their water and freedom from flaws or imperfection the well-earned reputation for excellence which this house has long borne for all its productions.



HAND-EMBROIDERY AT ROBINSON AND CLEAVER'S.

Opals, which have again come into fashion and favour, are particularly well represented, as this heart-shaped design, deftly set with brilliants "of purest ray serene," will amply testify; a brooch or pendant in the same combination of stones is a triumph of the jewel-setter's art. Another brooch, arranged to form a hair-ornament when so desired, is reproduced here, and, though shorn of the lustre which sparkles in the original, will be admitted a very effective and graceful pattern. A shamrock-shaped corsage-ornament, set with black and white diamonds, the centre of each leaf being alternately pearl and coral, is an exquisite example of the lapidary's art, so also are some splendid diamond crescents which are intended to adorn the front of dinner- and ball-gown.

Magnificent collet necklets, whose stones glitter and sparkle like separate suns, lie side by side with tall tiaras whose crown-like points pierce pear-shaped pearls of priceless value. Amongst an endless array of diamond combs a high trefoil or Louis Quinze pattern struck me as most graceful, while of ear-rings, lockets, and crosses, three old fashions in trinkets which again make for favour with the fair, there is a practically uncountable variety; the "domino" sleeve-links, being black enamel dots on a dull-gold surface, are notable amongst others for smartness and novelty. Compasses and seals, to dangle from the manly watch-chain, also abound, while of the watches in particular it is needless to particularise, since Sir John Bennett's name carries its own guarantee of excellence and good faith. So, whether the timekeeper like this solid-gold "Standard" half-chronometer here illustrated is of



THE "STANDARD" HALF-CHRONOMETER AT SIR JOHN BENNETT'S.

CORSAGE BROOCH IN DIAMONDS.

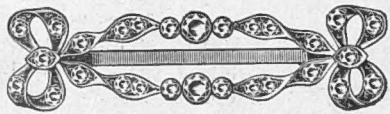
DIAMOND AND OPAL BRACELET.

comparatively modest price or attains the noble eminence of three big figures, as does his keyless clock-watch, striking hours and quarters, registering a perpetual calendar, and showing fly-back seconds for racing, &c., we may be well assured that "Horologist, London," spells that equal honesty and merit consonant with the old and widely respected reputation of 65, Cheapside.

Not to possess jewels in these prosperous days of the century-end is to argue oneself lacking somewhere either in purse or credit, or mayhap both. As to whether inherited heirlooms or acquired equivalents fill our



A HARP BROOCH AT FAULKNER'S.



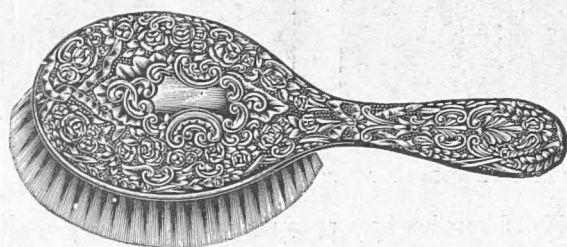
A NECK-SLIDE.



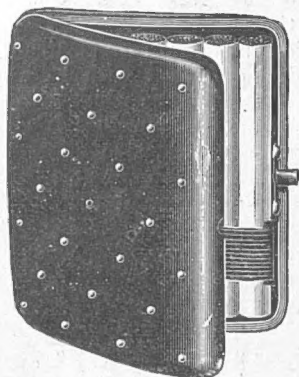
A ROW OF FAULKNER PEARLS.

safes or caskets, it matters comparatively little so long as the contents are there. But, as gold does not flow into the coffers of *all* as it certainly does to *sundry*, the question might arise as to how the necessary externals are to be provided, for gems cost money now, as they always have done. It is into this latter-day breach that one or two specialists like Mr. Faulkner, of Kimberley House, The Quadrant, have thrown themselves. Without costing a hundredth part of the stones his Faulkner diamonds simulate, an effect is gained alike in lustre, quality of setting, and design, which leaves no peg for even one's pessimistic dearest friend to hang doubts on when these jewels, which are made from crystal, *not* paste, are worn by a well-dressed woman. The "Rising Sun" brooch, one of the Faulkner specialties, is particularly handsome, as is "The Sun," which has the effect of an immense Edelweiss flower done in diamonds. The "Owl," "Scarabæus," "Dragonfly," and "Swallow," exquisitely modelled, are also examples of successful gem-setting. Combs, coronets for the hair, and tiaras of size and beauty, pendants for the neck, ear-rings, bejewelled charms—all three ornaments which have lately come into fashionable favour—pins, studs, pearl necklets, and many other charming toys for the adornment of lovely woman, meet one on every side of this trebly attractive shop, without which Regent Street would indeed be shorn of one of its chiefest attractions to the fair who crowd around it. Among the last Faulkner diamond novelties produced I illustrate a neck-slide, a harp brooch after the ancient Irish and Welsh model, and one of the pearl necklets with diamond snap for which this firm is now so celebrated.

One of the most attractive interiors even in attractive Oxford Street at the present time is that of Alexander Clark and Co., who, being manufacturing silversmiths, have prepared an unusually wide range of novelties, as will be seen on viewing either their shop or highly interesting catalogue, in which articles are shown which, though all highly finished and solidly made, are being sold at extremely low prices. I may instance



SILVER HAIR-BRUSH.



GUN-METAL AND TURQUOISE.



SILVER PUDDING-BOWL.

NOVELTIES OF THE ALEXANDER CLARK MANUFACTURING COMPANY.

a special stock of silver-ware, one item of which—a hair-brush—is shown here. The price is only 18s. 6d.; a beautifully chased mirror to match costs 29s. 6d., while the hat and clothes brushes can be had for a modest half-guinea. It should be added, however, that when the present quantity of these bargains has been disposed of, they cannot be reproduced at the price, so here is an opportunity for the giver of presents indeed.

All those smart gun-metal toys, inlaid with tiny turquoises, which are such a favourite novelty just now, can be seen in extraordinary variety, and for quite moderate prices, at Alexander Clark's: pencils, seals, cigar-cutters, sovereign- and stamp-cases, match-boxes, spring-hinged notebooks or card-cases, and so on endlessly. This concave cigarette-case sketched in the combination of gun-metal and turquoises would make a welcome gift to either squire or dame, and there is a smoker's companion, with knife, corkscrew, scissors, cigar-cutter, and what not besides, which measures under three inches when shut, and costs under a guinea to buy. Some beautiful boxes in scarlet morocco richly ornamented with chased and embossed silver enthralled me greatly. There are sizes for handkerchiefs, gloves, trinkets, and so forth, while blotters and stationery-cases of the same would make delightful patches of colour on one's writing-table. A new silver cigar-box, with drop-ends fitted with four ash-trays, cigar-lamp, match-box, cigar-cutter, and striker, combines the whole paraphernalia of a smoker's needs within its solidly made sides. Another novelty sure to have a great vogue is the electro-plated pudding-basin, an exact reproduction from an old Sheffield-ware model. The china lining is removable, of course, and a brass-wire basket for flowers fits into it, so that, as a centrepiece or smart surround for soufflé or pudding, this *spécialité* of Alexander Clark's is equally ornamental and admirable, while its price is most get-at-able.

Perhaps of all the rich gifts which Christmas showers into Beauty's lap none please her dainty senses more than the exquisite essences which modern art sums up under the style and title of "perfumes." Guileless and crude indeed seem the lavender, rosemary, and other sweet waters of our grandmothers' days when compared with the subtle, delicate scents



THE FAMOUS MÜLHENS' EAU DE COLOGNE.



A CUT-CRYSTAL BOTTLE OF MÜLHENS' RHINE VIOLETS.

which silken skirts and satin-lined wardrobes emit to-day. Since Herr Mülhens invented his trebly delicious "Rhine Violet," the use of perfumes has largely increased among well-bestowed women, who were not slow to recognise something distinct and apart from all other essences when this now world-wide bouquet was first produced. It has been imitated, of course, as all highly successful productions will ever be. But the mixtures—they really deserve no better word—which, like the classic jackdaw of borrowed feathers, shelter their shortcomings under the "borrowed" title of "Rhine Violets," are as far from arriving at that particular fragrance which has made Mülhens' Rhine Violet invention famous as is gooseberry-wine from an '84 vintage Champagne, than which, I take it, the connoisseur in taste and smell can find no more forcible simile. The moral is, therefore, that in buying their favourite Rhine Violet, women should be particular that *Mülhens'* name goes with it, for in that lies all the difference between the spurious and the true. Two other successes following hard on the heels of this famous distillation are Mülhens' Rhine Gold and Mülhens' Maréchal Niel—but always Mülhens. Doubtless these will be imitated also; but the public will probably have learnt the magic of their maker's name by then. Meanwhile, even in Cologne itself, that town of one classic scent and many imitations, Herr Mülhens has gained the first rank by his other splendid production of the Eau-de-Cologne now everywhere known by its number, "4711." This amalgamation of essences is in no way an imitation, but a distinct, original, and now famous "Eau," whose English headquarters are at 62, New Bond Street.

To the eminently practical mind—and there are, for the good of this nation, happily many such—an eminently practical Christmas gift presents itself in the smart boxes, containing two essential domestic articles, which Messrs. Scrubb, of Cloudy Ammonia ilk, are now putting forth for our consideration. Four bottles of this world-wide fluid which has done so much since its invention to brighten our lives and make brilliant our surroundings are packed in a handsome box, which also contains two smaller cases of Scrubb's Antiseptic Skin Soap. As an inexpensive and yet highly effective Yuletide dispensation, I think these Scrubb specialties should have a very large audience.

SYBIL.

CITY NOTES.

The next Settlement begins on Dec. 28.

HOLIDAY MARKETS.

It seems that even on the Stock Exchange all hope of any considerable activity is deferred till after Christmas, and not even the most sanguine "bull" thinks that there is to be any boom this year—certainly none in which the public are likely to take a hand. Already the attendance is thinning, and the wise members are recognising the fact that they may as well begin their Christmas holidays without much further delay.

When things are at their deadeast, somebody is sure to get up a mild sensation, and this week "Weygangs" have provided the inevitable. Dealings have been most active, from 1½ up to 2½, and down again to about 1½, but nobody seems to understand what Weygangs are, and details, such as the capital of the company, are quite beyond the reach of the jobbers who deal in them. "It has something to do with petroleum refuse" is, in substance, all the information you can get in the market.

As to money, the market is evidently under the impression that, even if there is a bit of a squeeze at the end of the year, it will not last, and that in the early part of 1899 we may expect ease again; but the Bank Return does not lend much support to this theory. We have often remarked that there is any quantity of money, even in the deadeast times, for a really good thing, and the way in which the public rushed for the Doulton issues is an example of this. The list was to be opened on Tuesday, the 6th inst., and on Monday night the applications for the Preference shares amounted to over £1,250,000, and for the Debentures to over £850,000. What the total sums applied for on the closing of the lists came to we do not know, but they must have been very large. It is understood that no one except customers of the firm are likely to get anything.

If we were holders of Pattison Whisky Shares and could get 4½ for them we should sell.

RAND DEEP-LEVELS.

Our Johannesburg correspondent sends us the following interesting letter dealing with the deep-level yields so far as they are yet capable of being tabulated, and compared with the corresponding returns of the outcrop leases. If any deduction can be drawn from our correspondent's summary of the position, it is that the policy of the Goldfields directors, which has been severely criticised in many quarters, is pretty sure to be justified in the long run—

SOME DEEP-LEVEL RESULTS.

The results from the deep-level mines of the Rand, while, on the whole, more than satisfactory, are not harmonising with the statistics of the corresponding outcrop properties in the way many people predicted they would, though, no doubt, it was a mistake to expect anything like a rigid conformity between the two sets of mining propositions. Further, a marked divergence in yield between an outcrop mine and its deep-levels may turn out to be only a local and temporary matter, and aggregate results extending over a series of years may not vary so much, after all.

The Crown Deep is a striking instance of a mine giving much lower yields than the properties on the reef immediately above, and also much lower than estimates; but this state of matters is due to temporary causes connected with the mine, and in good time the Crown Deep will do much better. Three years ago, Mr. Perkins predicted that this mine would give a yield of 56s. per ton, basing his estimate on the performances of the outcrop companies above—the Crown Reef, Pioneer, and Robinson. More recently, his successor, Mr. Webber, modified the estimate materially to 11 dwt. fine gold without sorting, or 12 dwt., equal to from 48s. to 50s. per ton, with appliances for sorting out waste rock. Here is an analysis of the returns for the first three quarters of the present year, waste rock to the extent of about 16 per cent. of the total rock mined having been sorted out—

	No. of Stamps.	Yield per Ton.	Costs per Ton.	Profit per Ton.	Total Profit.
March quarter ...	166	39s. 1½d.	27s. 7½d.	11s. 5½d.	£35,138
June quarter ...	160	40s. 3½d.	25s. 8½d.	14s. 6½d.	47,773
September quarter	166	42s. 6½d.	24s. 6½d.	17s. 11½d.	63,629

By way of comparison, let us give the results for the month of September of the Crown Reef, the least rich of the three mines on the outcrop—

September month...	120	50s. 8½d.	24s. 4½d.	26s. 3½d.	£21,588
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This month was an average one for the Crown Reef, and the cardinal fact for the investor brought out by the comparison is that the Crown Reef, with 120 stamps, earned £21,588 against £21,209 per month for its best quarter earned by the Crown Deep with an average of 166 stamps. Taking the first nine months of the year, the comparison comes out more strikingly in favour of the Crown Reef, and if we extend the comparison to the Robinson, Pioneer, and Bonanza—the last being on the dip of the Pioneer and between that mine and the central section of the Crown Deep—the result is to show the Crown Deep in an even more unfavourable aspect. The Bonanza is producing ore worth £5 10s. per ton, the Robinson's yield keeps marvellously steady at about 80s. per ton, and the Pioneer comes in midway between the two.

The puzzled shareholder may well ask how comes it that the Crown Deep, on the dip of only rich mines, the Crown Reef being the least rich, has nothing better to show than a yield of 40s. or 42s. per ton—barely up to the average of the entire Rand? I can only answer that the rich shoots certainly extend to the deep-levels; the gold is there, and will ultimately give high averages, but meanwhile the workings in the upper levels are in broken formation, and the scarcity of native labour has necessitated the employment of machine-drills in stopping, whereas such disturbed reefs could be much more carefully dealt with by hand. In the lower levels these mine troubles disappear.

The Rose Deep is doing better than estimates, and showing a higher yield than the mine immediately above it on the reef—the New Primrose. Mr. Webber last year, before the Rose Deep started milling, worked out the average assay value of the mine at 15 dwt., and on this basis he reckoned on a 10 dwt. yield, or 40s. per ton, with the ore being sorted. The mill started in October 1897, and the average yield up to the end of that year was 43s. 10d. per ton milled. For the first few months of the present year, when only 100 stamps were still being run, the yield was even higher. In the September quarter, with an average of 168 stamps operating, the yield was still as high as 42s. 10d.

Compare this with 33s. 8d., the average of the New Primrose over its total tonnage milled—something like a million and a-half tons. Costs are low at the Rose Deep owing to the magnitude of the operations (200 stamps are now at work) and the fine, regular, big reefs. For the September quarter costs were no more than 20s. 9d. per ton; the profit was 22s. 1d. per ton, or, in the aggregate, £78,407. This amount gives the Rose Deep the first place among the deep-levels for the quarter.

The Geldenhuis Deep is another deep-level which has lately topped official estimates and gone beyond the average of the property above it on the outcrop. Like the Crown Deep, this mine had certain difficulties to contend with at the commencement of milling operations in 1895, and for a year or two it gave very meagre yields, the profit being only a few shillings per ton. At the beginning of last year, when the corner was only just being turned, Mr. Webber, the General Manager of the Rand Mines, cautiously estimated the future yield, on a milling basis of 130 stamps, at 36s. per ton, of which at least 10s. per ton ought to be profit. Here are the returns for the first three quarters of the present year, and Mr. Webber's conservative forecast looks rather odd beside them—

	Stamps.	Yield per Ton.	Costs per Ton.	Profit per Ton.	Total Profit.
March quarter ...	166	38s. 6½d.	21s. 0½d.	17s. 5½d.	£57,285
June quarter ...	190	39s. 4½d.	19s. 11½d.	19s. 5½d.	69,518
September quarter	190	40s. 7½d.	19s. 11½d.	20s. 7½d.	76,825

It will be noted that the reduction in costs on the official forecast is even greater per ton than the excess in the actual yield over the estimate, the net result being that the profit for last quarter came out at fully 20s. per ton, against a minimum estimate of 10s. The outcrop mine, the Geldenhuis Estate, although it has been showing phenomenal returns of late, has given an average over its life of about 36s. per ton, and the Geldenhuis Deep, for the three years it has been crushing, shows practically the same yield—the low returns at first bringing down the average.

The Nourse Deep's yield of 46s. 3½d. per ton for the first eight and a-half months the company has been crushing looks poor alongside the steady return of over 60s. per ton shown by the Henry Nourse. Costs, also, are materially higher than in the case of the outcrop mine, but the exceedingly faulted nature of the Nourse Deep renders any comparison between it and the Henry Nourse



BUFFELSDOORN ESTATE AND GOLD-MINING COMPANY: GENERAL VIEW.

Photo by A. Belton.

out of the question. The Jumpers Deep, with a yield of about 45s. per ton, greatly exceeds the steady average of 35s. to 36s. shown by the Jumpers, but the ground of the deep-level covers the dip of two mines—the Jumpers and the Heriot—and the latter gives a considerably higher average yield than the former.

The Durban Roodepoort Deep is showing a somewhat similar yield to its namesake on the outcrop, but costs at the deep-level are too high, and will be reduced. The Glen Deep has only just commenced to crush, and it is too soon to give any averages, but it looks as if the estimated yield of from 35s. to 40s. per ton would be realised, this being well over the average of the Glencairn, though here again the deep-level has the dip of a section of a second outcrop mine, the May Consolidated, which lately has been showing high yields.

HOME RAILS.

You can hardly call the Home Railway Market rollicking. The undertone, good as it is, hardly lends sufficient strength to prevent the quotations from falling through sheer inertia, but the market is only a microcosm of the rest of the Stock Exchange, where business has been reduced to infinitesimal proportions. Nor is there any prospect of a pronounced revival in this department until the middle of January 1899, when the dividend talk will infuse a little more interest into Home Rails. It is, of course, too early to make any definite forecast of the results, since the Christmas traffics are always an unreckonable quantity, but up to last Wednesday the principal lines showed the following traffics to date—

INCREASE.			DECREASE.		
Brighton	£48,086	Metropolitan	£1,398
South-Eastern	47,862	District	10,145
North-Eastern	177,376	Great Western	113,770
Midland	117,695			
North-Western	129,737			
Great Northern	94,700			
Chatham	18,099			

The increased receipts shown by the majority of the lines is all one might expect from a study of the country's trade for the eleven months of '98, which period is covered in the latest Board of Trade returns. Our foreign trade has increased to the extent of over thirteen millions sterling above that of last year, imports being responsible for an increase of 15½ millions, while exports have declined £2,500,000. At one time the Board of Trade returns were popularly supposed to influence the

market for Home Rails, but latterly it has required something more startling than statistics to stir that stagnant section of the Stock Exchange. For a speculative investment, North-Eastern Consols—"Berwicks," the House colloquially calls them.

THE UNITED STATES BUDGET.

The annual report upon the finances of the United States, which was issued the other day, is chiefly remarkable for its record-breaking character. The Treasury reserve stood at 245 million dollars on Oct. 7 last, the highest amount ever known in connection with this fund. When 200 million dollars of the "popular loan" was offered in June, it was applied for seven times over. The grand total of exports for the year is the highest ever recorded; "the foreign commerce of the fiscal year 1898," says Mr. Lyman Gage, Secretary to the Treasury, "in many respects has been phenomenal." Agricultural products and manufactured articles were exported in large excess over previous high-water marks. The whole report speaks of the growing power and wealth of our American cousins, but over the point in which the Stock Exchange is most interested a strange silence broods. Nothing effective is urged in favour of the adoption of a gold standard, nothing is said to help the crying need of currency reform.

Mr. Gage lays stress upon this need, and proposes to increase the note-issuing power of the banks as a means whereby the Government can be relieved from its uncomfortable position as the country's banker. "The American system," he says, in a phrase that is likely to become historic, "stimulates the operation of credit at the centres, and starves at the circumference," while the Canadian conditions are held up as an example of what might be done with the United States currency. Until some definite step is taken towards placing the monetary position upon a more secure basis, it is certain that American Railroad shares will always remain an otherwise exaggerated speculation, but there does not seem much ground for hoping that legislative action is likely to be taken in the immediate future. The Yankee Market on this side is not particularly disappointed. It has become so used to leaning entirely upon Wall Street for its guidance that it was quite content to adopt the Yankee nonchalance at the American Chancellor's record report.

THE LE ROI ISSUE.

It is an ill wind that blows nobody any good, and the Le Roi issue has provided the shareholders in its parent companies with an opportunity for taking a 5 to 10 per cent. dividend in cash or shares. It would be, of course, a little behind the times to attempt any criticism of the prospectus now, but that document is all one has to go upon in judging the company, and we must say that it is a most unsatisfactory introduction of this uncrowned "King." Uncrowned, we say; but perhaps the adjective is rather hard, seeing that the prospectus says "total dividends 995,000 dollars," although whether the distribution was spread over 995 years, or, days or what is not stated. We will suppose that this £199,000 was earned in a year; probably it took a good deal longer than that to get it, but let us be generous. Out of the capital of one million sterling only £50,000 is to be set aside for working capital, new works, &c.; yet the experts whose opinions form about 75 per cent. of the "prospectus" coolly estimate the future profits at a minimum of £240,000 per annum, while one of these gentlemen, *aut Caesar aut nullus*, says the net annual profit should be £360,000!

Such an absurd discrepancy is enough of itself to stamp the estimates as mere guesswork. By the way, why were not the Memorandum and Articles of Association printed on the prospectus? To say that they can be inspected at the office of the company's solicitors looks simply like a paltry attempt to arrest possibly inconvenient questions, because not one shareholder out of five hundred would go to the trouble of accepting the directors' invitation. It seems such a pity that a mine like the Le Roi could not have been issued in a sensible and business-like way, with a sensible capital and a business-like prospectus. No doubt, the thing can be worked at a profit; but the idea that it will go on paying 25 per cent. is, we are afraid, one that will be found to sadly disappoint the hopes of the sanguine ones. Meanwhile, the price has been well maintained by the insiders, and once more we must express high admiration at the way in which the issue was "puffed" in its preliminary stages, even if we cannot praise the vehicles which so kindly lent their aid to the performance. Judging from the look of the market at the moment, we are inclined to think that the price of Le Rois will be kept up until some of the interested ones have got out. As for Globes and British America, it is hardly necessary to remind readers of *The Sketch* that we do not consider either is "worth a cent more than its present price."

THE SAVORY VERDICT.

One of the most curious things about the British public (and hence about English juries) is the periodical fits of high commercial morality with which they are at times afflicted. The Hooley confessions have aroused one of the most severe attacks of this disease we can remember, and poor Sir Joseph Savory has fallen a victim to it. A couple of years ago he would have been sure of a verdict on the facts proved in court, just as now, thanks to the disclosures in the cases of Lupton, Sheridan, T. E. Brinsmead, Goodman, Hooley, and a host of others, he never had a chance from the opening of the case.

Of course, if Sir Joseph had not been Lord Mayor at the time that he was mixed up with the promotion of the Electric Light Company, no one would have had any right to complain, but we confess, considering the position he held, that we rejoice to find an English jury practically saying he ought not to have made money for himself and his friends out

of a monopoly obtained from the Sewer Commissioners of the very City of which he was First Magistrate. Compared with some Lord Mayors we could name, Sir Joseph Savory was a saint, but it is a good and salutary rule that the Lord Mayor ought to keep out of company-promotion, and we hope future occupants of the position will bear it in mind.

ISSUES.

The Bradford Dyers' Association, Limited, is a company formed to carry out the now fashionable idea of combining all the firms and companies carrying on a particular class of business, in this case that of the Bradford piece dyeing trade. Twenty-two firms are under contract with the Association, and their businesses are said to include ninety per cent. of the whole trade. The company, although having a share and debenture capital of £4,500,000, is issuing only £3,000,000 at present, divided into equal parts of 4 per cent. Debenture stock, 5 per cent. Preference shares, and Ordinary shares. The valuation of solid assets places these at £2,189,000, and the issue will give £129,360 additional working capital. No promotion profits or underwriting commission will be paid, as the company buys direct from the owners of the various businesses.

The Copper Corporation of Chili, Limited, with a share-capital of £200,000 and 6 per cent. Debentures to the extent of £50,000 more, is appealing for subscriptions. The concern is formed to buy and work a number of abandoned or disused copper-mines with their old smelting-works situated in the province of Atacama in Chili. Why the mines and smelters have been idle for a long time does not appear, and we were rather amused by the paragraph which told us that Mr. Tilly had furnished a certificate that all the statements in the prospectus are correct, for we have vainly searched for any statement of importance except that the production of copper in the world is already overtaken by the consumption. The Board is a good one.

Van Den Berghs, Limited.—This prosperous company is making an issue of £150,000 B. £1 Cumulative Preference shares at 2s. 6d. premium, which will rank next after the original 6 per cent. Preference now quoted on the Stock Exchange. The business is a good one, and the profits are very satisfactory, so that the present issue appears fairly attractive. No Debentures can be issued without a special resolution of the original Preference shareholders, and we should have liked to see this restriction extended so as to include the holders of this issue, but we judge from the prospectus that it is not so. The shares are a good security for people who will be content to get about 5 per cent. on their money.

Curtis's and Harvey, Limited, is an amalgamation of eight gunpowder businesses. Only £400,000 of 4½ per cent. Debentures are offered for public subscription, and we advise our readers to leave them alone. The statement as to profits is of the vaguest kind, and it is notorious that many black-powder factories have been run at a loss for years. Without wishing to be invidious, we are pretty certain that more than one of the eight businesses which are brought together to form this company has not been doing over-well of late.

The London and Yorkshire Steam-Trawling and Fish-Carrying Company, Limited, is issuing, or trying to issue, Debenture stock, Preference and Ordinary shares. Why on earth anyone should be fool enough to give £115,000 for fourteen old steam-trawlers, with some leasehold offices, we do not in the least understand. Trawlers when new are worth, with equipment, about £5000 each, or, second-hand, say, £4000, while nobody pretends that the leasehold offices have much value. Steam-trawling is a risky business at any time, and especially so when you pay about twice the proper value for your boats.

Saturday, Dec. 10, 1898.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters on financial subjects only to be addressed to the "City Editor, *The Sketch* Office, Granville House, Arundel Street, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

NOVICE.—The prospects of the Nitrate industry do not appear over-brilliant. Among the cheapest producers are the Lagunas Syndicate and the Lantaro, but the report of the first-named is not encouraging. We are not inclined to advise you to increase your holdings in any of the three concerns at present.

LAYMR.—It is quite impossible to properly answer your letter in this column. (1) We should look at the people connected with the concern, read the auditor's certificate with a critical eye, and consider the waiver clause. (2) By seeing what the solid assets were, and comparing them with the purchase-price. (3) By seeing how many years' purchase was asked for the goodwill.

E. L. C. K.—Thank you for the prospectus. We fail to see that, as an investment, it is attractive.

X. Y. Z.—We can only partially answer your letter. Boots' is a chemist's business, started in 1892, which has paid good dividends ever since, besides building up a reserve fund of £30,000. It is a fair industrial risk. The Maypole Dairy does not appear attractive. There is no valuation of assets, and the Preference shareholders are not entitled to attend and vote at meetings. We do not know the Western Dairy Company.

NOTTINGHAM.—The deposit rate is 3 per cent., and we consider it quite safe, besides the pull of priority in allotment when the issue is made. Any person can deposit money. We have no further information as to the Pistol Company. See last answer for our opinion about the Dairy.

PRIOR.—As to Nos. 1 to 5, any answer we could give would be a mere gambling tip. Except perhaps No. 2, they are all sound concerns, and, with any revival of the interest in the Mining Market, would rise. (6) We think not.

EXQUIRER.—The capital of the company consists of 80,000 Ordinary shares, 137,000 6 per cent. Pref., and 160,000 Debentures. We think the speculation not a bad one with the present Argentine outlook. Electric traction is to be introduced, of which great things are expected. There is some sort of market for the shares.

P. I.—The soap profits have diminished for several years, but the Pref. shares are quite sure of their dividend, and will yield what you want. The House Property and Investment Company's stock strikes us as the most reliable of the three concerns you mention.

S. B.—We should hold "Little Chats" rather than sell at present price. The dangers you enumerate appear to us not very great.

LEO.—The American Office is quite a good one, but no insurance policy is much of a security for a loan beyond its surrender value. Suppose the borrower fails to keep up the premiums, and you have lent more than the surrender value, how foolish you will look!

The Brighton Railway Company are announcing that, by their Newhaven, Dieppe, and Rouen route to Paris and the Continent, through the charming scenery of Normandy, to and from the Paris Terminus near the Madeleine, a special fourteen-day excursion to Paris will be run from London by the express day-service on Saturday morning, Dec. 24, and also by the express night-service on Thursday, Friday, Saturday, and Sunday evenings, Dec. 22 to 25.